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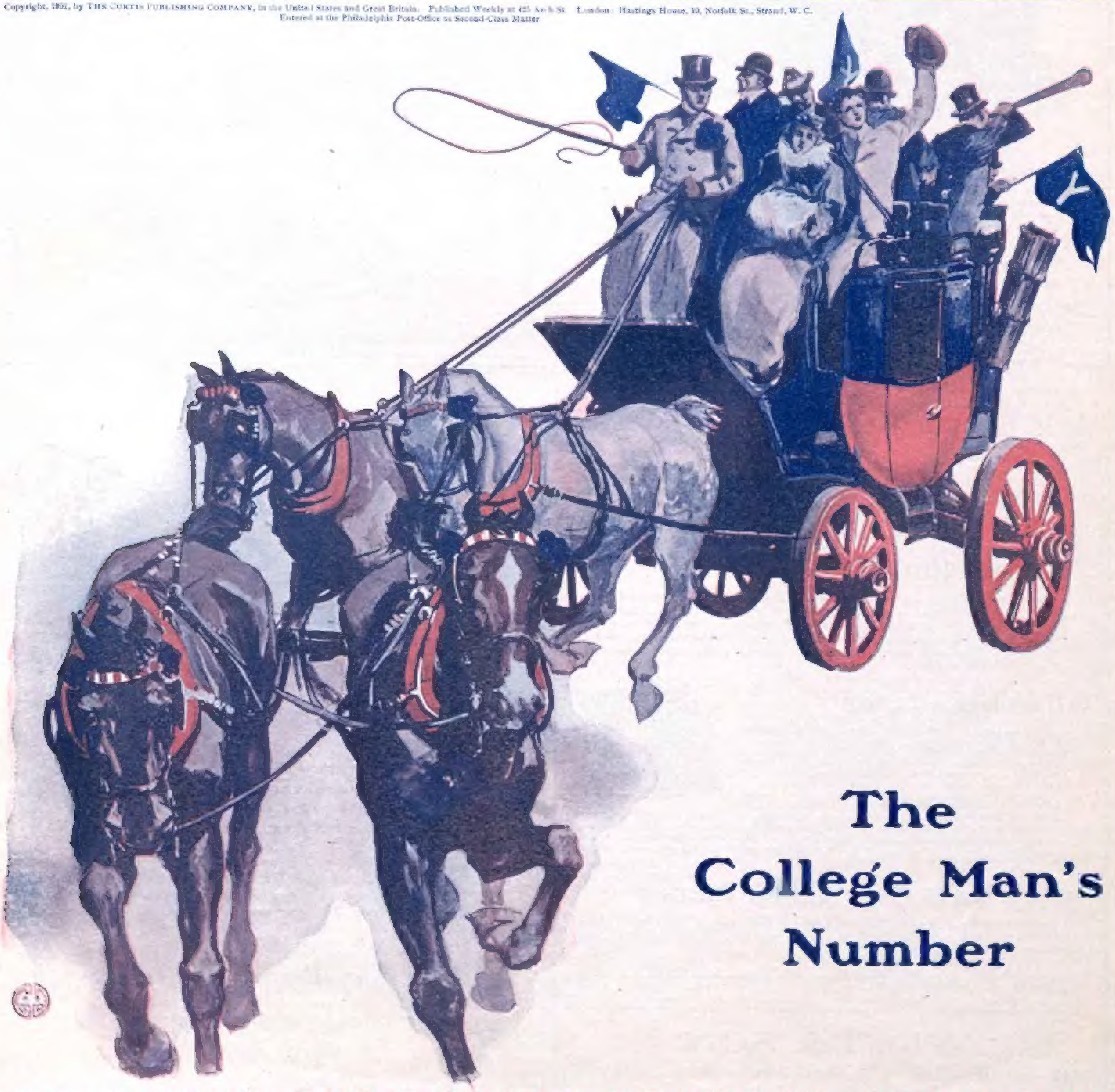

The College Man's Number

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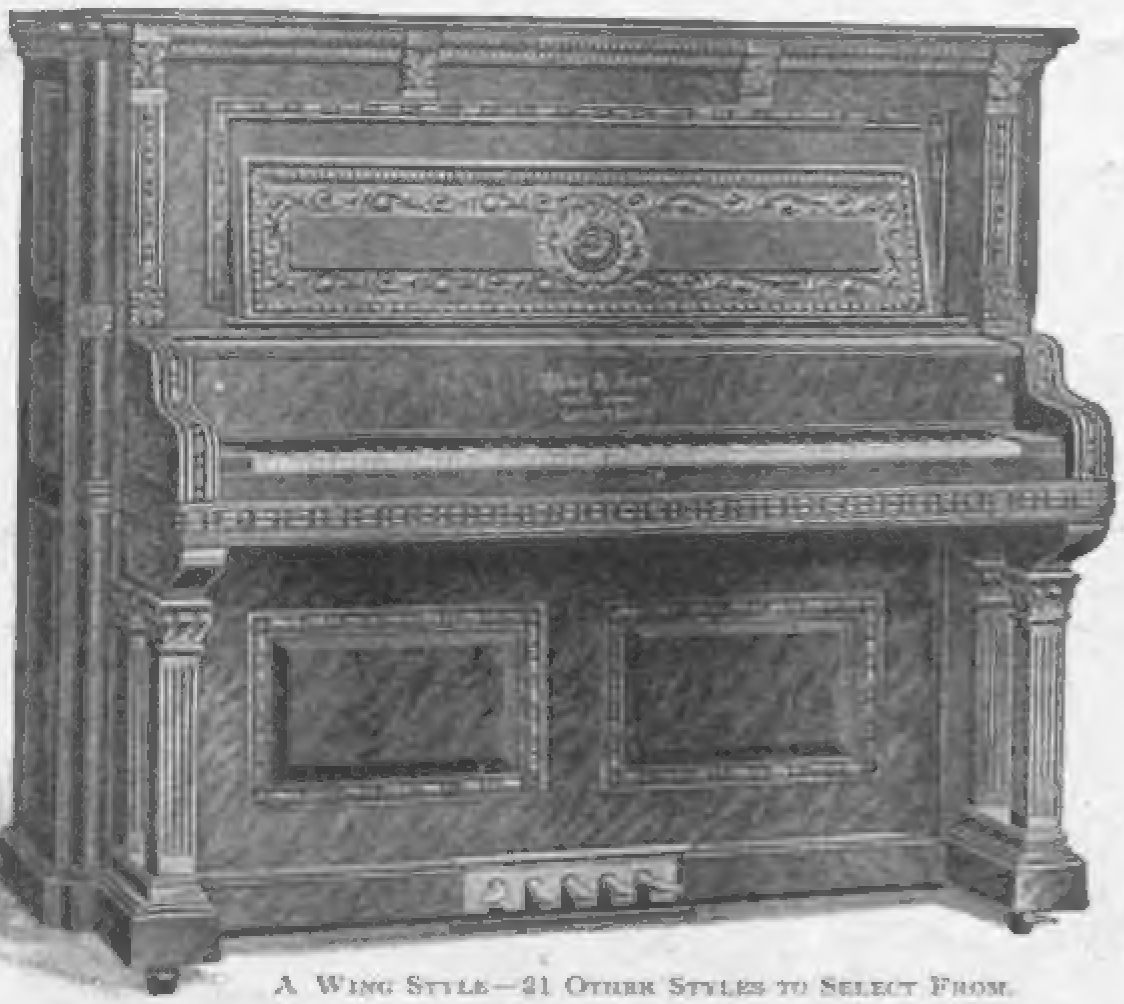
THE WING PIANO



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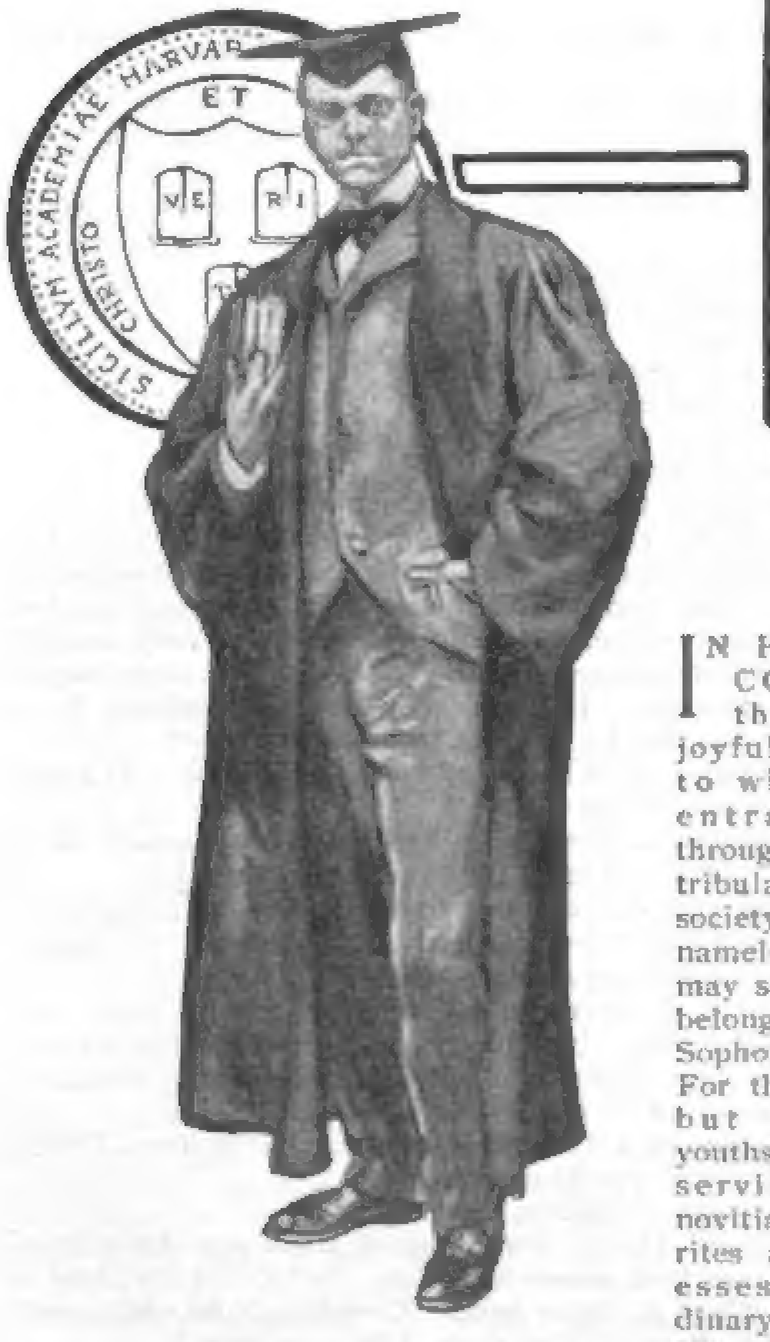
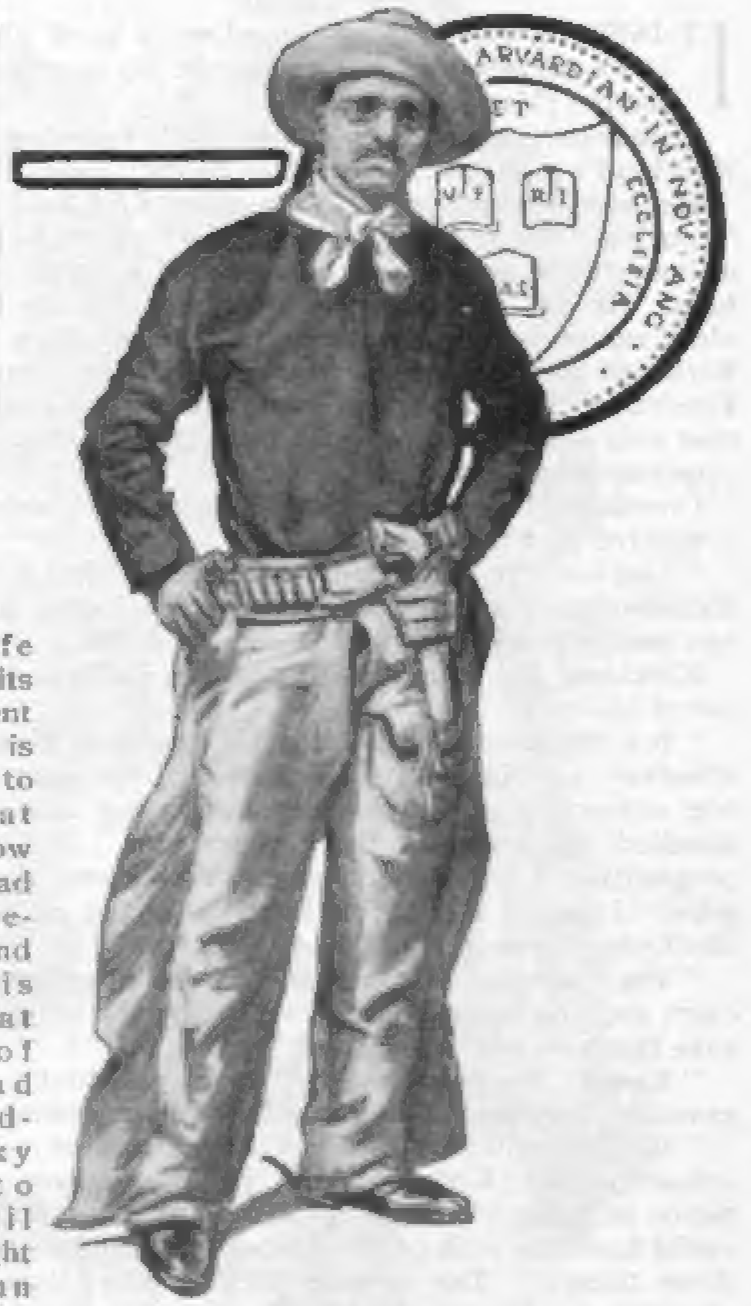
Theodore Roosevelt, Harvard '80





DRAWN BY JAMES PRESTON AND F. R. GRUGER

By Owen Wister

IN HARVARD COLLEGE there was a joyful society to which the entrance lay through gates of tribulation. The society shall be nameless, but I may say that it belonged to the Sophomore year. For those lucky but alarmed youths who were serving their novitiate it had rites and processes extraordinary; but once the gates of tribulation were passed one entered instantly upon a land that was flowing with milk and honey. It was my fortune to be chosen into this society; and during the days of penance that were, so to speak, my preliminary examination, it was my still greater fortune to encounter Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. He would not be likely to retain the slightest memory of the occasion, for to him indeed it was not an occasion. He was an upper-classman. The days of his penance lay two years behind him, and he was only visiting the tortures of a younger generation, as all upper-class members of the society were expected and invited to do. This custom was supposed to lend dignity to the ceremonies.

You are to imagine an ordinary college room, with the usual books and pictures, filled with smoke, and seated on its floor four or five performing wretches. I was one of these; and for an hour I had been obeying the whims and inspirations of those members of the society who happened to be the torturers for that evening. But it is hard to make this sort of thing remain lively. An hour is a long time to keep imagination going; and you will readily see that the whole success of an exhibition in torture does not lie with the victims, but with their executioners. We were having a stupid time, and everybody was tired of it. Upon this dullness the door opened and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt entered with two or three of his friends. I had seen him before in the gymnasium, but never until now had been in a private room with him. I shall never forget the difference that his presence made in our spirits. He proceeded at once to torture us energetically. We were put through a number of perfectly new tricks; but, dear me, how I enjoyed it! Instead of the tiresome fooling that had so lately depressed me, I became filled with internal gayety that I dared not reveal. I longed to ask Mr. Roosevelt to do it some more, but this, of course, was impossible from a Sophomore and a stranger to an upper-classman. Therefore I had to be content with my silent enjoyment, and presently it was all over. Mr. Roosevelt soon had enough of us, and having performed his duty of visiting the games he went away.

During the whole of his stay, which I suppose was not ten minutes long, there had been a breeze of robust good humor and geniality throughout the room. When he departed we all became again immediately as dull as ditch-water. I shall never forget it, this first impression of Theodore Roosevelt.

Three Aspects of the President's Character

I have another undergraduate impression of him that discretion will not forbid my recording. One of our chief pleasures in this mysterious society was theatrical entertainments. On the appointed day all old members gathered to endure, with the aid of many refreshments, our wit and our minstrelsy. Upon this night Der Freischütz was billed, a comical-romantic opera in three acts, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt took sudden and great offense at a line in one of the songs, which he mistakenly supposed was leveled at him. Had there been such an intention it would have been entirely inexcusable; but the writer of that line was quite innocent. The next day saw the breach all healed. Upon the instant that Mr. Roosevelt learned that it had been a misunderstanding, no cordiality could have exceeded his.

In those days Theodore Roosevelt was not twenty-two; to-day he is forty-two, and what else he is our nation has found out in great measure, and has shown itself pleased with what it has found. Nevertheless it must still watch him, with a mingling of confidence in his character and anxiety at his youth. Yet so consistent has been his career that from the college anecdotes I have narrated it seems most easy to trace the man into which Mr. Roosevelt has grown, and to feel that thus will he continue growing.

We have the gymnasium, where he was constant — although to this I have made but a passing allusion, having elsewhere dwelt upon it at length. We have his appearance at the scene of torture, and the kindliness and good-fellowship with which he conducted those operations at the theatricals; we have his quick resentment of what he supposed to be an unwarrantable impertinence, and his hearty making of the peace as soon as he discovered he had been in error. And thus we see him in these three aspects: a man devoted to manly sports; a man who makes those who are below him feel not only at their ease but actually happy in dealing with him; a man whose temper is honest in its heat and generous in its forgiveness.

Do you not see in such a man the very one fitted to plunge into politics and in that arena strike a blow for high and patriotic ideals? Within a year after he was graduated he had begun this work. Within two years after he was graduated he was a figure already looked upon with commendation by good citizens and with uneasiness by the vermin of politics. His rapid progress in New York paused for a while in 1884, when his notions as to party loyalty came into bitter collision with his notions about reform.

Where the College Training Shows Itself

And at this point the gymnasium crops out in him again. With a tired, disappointed, and I shall venture to say perplexed spirit, he seeks physical exercise to restore him to a healthy mind. He goes hunting in the Rocky Mountains. The river-banks, with their thickets where run the white-tailed deer, the plains where run the antelope, and the rocks where climb the mountain sheep — all these places become familiar to him. But mark their effect upon his character. They do not change him into a cowboy any more than New York politics changed him into a pot-house politician. He retained clearly and stubbornly his character of college-bred citizen. The wonderful and then unknown life of the cattle country made a great impression upon him. To his mind, at once vigorous and highly educated, the ranch life of the West was something not to allow to pass away unrecorded save by the comic papers. As a student of history he saw that it was a stage in the progress of our civilization; that its dangers and freedom from restraint called together men of a certain character and in them brought forth certain qualities which all manly men possess, but which must lie largely repressed in city houses and city streets.

Therefore, when Theodore Roosevelt had opportunity to write, he made known to the rest of the country these things that he had seen upon the frontier; and to-day we may thank him for having preserved for posterity one of the most vital and at the same time romantic episodes in the life of our nation. You perceive in this the college-bred historian; the man who makes use not only of the gifts with which he was born but of those other gifts of education which good fortune has bestowed upon him. It would be far from my purpose here to remind you of Mr. Roosevelt's various steps in political life, or yet of the many admirable volumes that he has been able to publish while that life was in full swing. But my point is that you recognize how he has benefited by his Harvard College education; how, when the unthinking would decry such education for a man who is to struggle with the New York police or with the arch-schemer who befouls New York, this very training has been just so much more strength and capital to him; and how by its very virtue he has made his way and retained that high and honorable stamp which Harvard College, or any college that is worthy of the name, must set upon its worthy sons.

Mr. Roosevelt never forgets any of his powers for usefulness. While he watches the welfare of the Commonwealth or while he busies himself with a volume of history or biography, behind these intellectual exercises perpetually remains the old Harvard gymnasium to keep him robust. Whenever the opportunity allows, he again turns his face to the wilderness, to the serenity of Nature, to the pure air of high places, and there brings himself back to that state which permits him to work at full steam.

We have had recently an example of this self-preserving instinct in Mr. Roosevelt than which none could be more striking. On a certain Friday in September our country was struck dumb by the hand of calamity. We learned of the assassin's bullet. To no man in our nation could this news have been a greater shock than it must have been to Theodore Roosevelt. For after Mr. McKinley's, the doom would most affect his life and change its whole current the most. It is not possible to conceive what force the blow must have had for the Vice-President. And following this came days at Buffalo of watching and strain. Gradually the sky seemed to brighten until all of us thought that the sun was actually shining. Those whom the calamity had hurried to Buffalo breathed easily once more, and some of them even at length dispersed back to their homes. In cities far away men met each other in the street with a smile, exclaiming, "All is well." And then it was that Mr. Roosevelt journeyed away from the scene of his great anxiety, thankful that he had been saved from stepping into a dead man's shoes by the help of an assassin. With such a load of care behind him his nature asserted itself in a moment. It was not yet a week since he had received a stunning shock followed by tension and suspense. Now these killing influences were over, and what did he do? He took a long breath and he turned again to the serenity of Nature. He put away the newspapers, the railroad trains, the telegraph messages, the importunate visitors, the futile and endless conversations with which his world was vibrating, and we find him trying to regain composure in the healthy air of the mountains. No man ever did anything more like himself than this; and as long as he lives we may be sure that it is upon the mountain-tops he will find repose.

As in the life of a man moments befall which henceforth change him so that he is never the same man again, so to nations come such moments in their lives. Both the United States of America and its new President have been visited with one of these moments. We have been smitten with a disease that belongs not to a young, but to an old, country. We, who give such chances of success to all that it is possible for a young man to go as a laborer into the steel business and before he has reached his mature prime become, through his own industry and talent, the president of a vast steel association — we, who make this possible as no country has ever made it possible, have been stabbed in the back by anarchy. That stab can no more kill us than you could blot out the sun by throwing at it a pebble. But, nevertheless, the weight of maturity has thereby fallen upon us. We take our place now with nations that know the sorrows and the calamities that belong to age. And as a nation which has come to manhood we can no longer play the irresponsible boy which has too frequently been our part.

The Trail the President has Blazed

To Theodore Roosevelt, also, the crime at Buffalo makes a permanent change. No such weight as now rests upon his shoulders ever rested there before. And whatever thoughts and aspirations he may have had for the future, to come by such a dark road as this into the White House is like a convulsion in his life. But his shoulders have been strong enough to bear each burden that has been set upon him, and into each position that he has come he has grown. He will fit the size of this position also, and no one knows better than he that for such fitting he must be given time and thought. It is our part to give him our entire sympathy and our entire confidence. If we deny him these we shall be no better than the political vermin who, could they have done so, would have blighted his career at each step.

Theodore Roosevelt is a great object-lesson to young gentlemen. You are all familiar with the phrase, "The gentleman in politics." You know what a slur this phrase has come to convey. So much of a slur that you need not look very far at the present moment, or listen very hard, for little words against Mr. Roosevelt for no better reason than because he happens to be a gentleman born. I do not know why a gentleman should not be as good as other people. I do not see

(*Concluded on Page 17*)

Kirkland at Quarter—By Frank Norris

Author of The Octopus

IT ISN'T a question of 'standing a good chance' at all; it's a *certainty* of your going in at quarter on our team for the 'Varsity game."

Croudace got up as he spoke and, crossing the room to Kirkland's pipe rack, selected an old briar and filled and lit it.

He was a much older man than Kirkland and he was "touring" the West in the interest of a certain great Eastern university whose football elevens did not take defeat gracefully. In the course of his trip he had come to Kirkland's alma mater in the September of Kirkland's Senior year. Kirkland had played on his own 'Varsity eleven during his Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years, and could play again that year—if he chose. Just now this question of choice was uppermost in his mind.

Croudace blew a ring of smoke from his mouth and through it sighted at Kirkland.

"You see, Mr. Kirkland," he added, "I'm a sort of Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, and what I say goes. I can assure you of the place."

Kirkland, his hands in his pockets, looked carefully at the toe of his boot.

"It's the new ruling of the League that puts me out," he observed. "Naturally, I'd like to play quarter on such a big university as yours. But here's my own college; I've handled the team for three years now. If I take up your proposition I can't play here. You know how the ruling goes. I forget the words, but it's to the effect that a man can't play for more than four years."

"Yes," assented Croudace, "if you play here this year we can't use you when you come on. By the way, you are quite sure that you will come on?"

"East? To your college? Oh, yes, that's settled. I'll graduate here and then go on for the law courses."

"Well," said Croudace, "I don't want to use 'undue influence,' Mr. Kirkland; but you know how much prominence in athletics does for a man at my alma mater. You could have the pick of the clubs. A man has got to think of those things. The quarter-back of the 'Varsity eleven is one thing. Joseph Kirkland, one of seven hundred law students, is another."

"Yes, I suppose that's true, too," admitted Kirkland. He hesitated, moving uneasily in his seat, his forehead wrinkling anxiously. "It's hard to decide," he muttered. "I'd like to play on your team, but here's the old college . . . and the boys. . . . Confound it, the old place is father and mother to me. Croudace, I can't do it. It's a fine chance, I know, but somehow I can't make up my mouth to it. No, I won't do it. If we *should* get beaten this year——"

"Why, man alive!" declared Croudace; "you know the situation as well as I do. You'll win that game hands down. They haven't a show this year—not a blithering, jibbering ghost of a show. Everybody admits it. And your substitute, little Knowles, is a dandy quarter; passes the ball like a veteran—good as *you*, Kirkland. If your team needed you I wouldn't say this, but it don't; the game is going to be a walk-over for you, and little Knowles ought to have a show after all the years he's tried for it. If I'm wrong, correct me and I'll apologize, but—well, isn't it just a little bit of personal vanity on your part—wanting to play?"

As Kirkland was about to reply he was interrupted by the entrance of his chum and roommate, Dolliver, whom everyone called—of course—Dolly. He was a Freshman, small-made, black-haired and nervous; of Kirkland's own age, but of half his size and weight; impulsive, preternaturally keen, and, like young men of his temperament, quick to jump at conclusions.

"Beg pardon for interrupting," he exclaimed as he came in, nodding curtly to Croudace, "but the air-shaft windows were open on both sides and I couldn't help hearing a good deal—and a sight more than I wish I had, too," he added.

Croudace took the pipe from his mouth and stared, and Kirkland's wrinkled forehead contracted to a frown, but more of bewilderment than of anger. Evidently Dolliver had only heard Croudace's offer and not his refusal of it.

"Well, I'd like to know what it all means," Dolliver flared out. "I *don't* know, but I'll bet I can guess pretty close. You're trying to get Kirk to welch, and—and—well, by Jimminy Christmas, it ain't right! No, it ain't!"

"Listening?" put in Croudace, replacing his pipe.

"Listening to dirt ain't any worse than dirt itself!" cried Dolliver.

Croudace turned to Kirkland. "I *wish* you would ask your friend to be—a little less direct, Mr. Kirkland," he said; "I don't want to lose my temper."

"Steady, Dolly," warned Kirkland; "remember, Croudace is the fraternity's guest. If you'd listened a little better you would know that I had declined——"

"Well, that's all right," Dolliver interrupted, still unable to understand. "That's all right, but Croudace is trying to keep you from playing, so as to get you on his team when you go East. An' he says we're sure going to win this year. Yes, if *you* play we'll win. But you've told me yourself that football is always anybody's game up till time is called. There's always the chance of a fluke, and Knowles isn't a star quarter-back, either. He's never played in a 'Varsity game, an' he's liable to get rattled and lose his head; an' if the quarter gets rattled—the man who passes the ball—how do you expect the halves and the full are going to do clean work? The team needs you, Kirk, to steady 'em, and the college has got a right to expect you to stay by it."

"Well, do you want to stand in your chum's way?" remarked Croudace. "Here's his chance to make a name for himself and to introduce himself to some of the best men and the best clubs at a great university——"

"Here's his chance to sell out to you," protested young Dolliver, all of a tremble. "Here's his chance to act like a cad——"

"Quit it, Dolly," growled Kirkland, getting up. "Crazy little Freshie," he added, more good-humoredly, "you've got the whole thing twisted. You talk as though it were something dishonorable. Where's the dishonor in it?"

"Well, that's just it!" exclaimed Dolliver, refusing to be placated. "I can't just say where the dishonor is, but it's *fishy*, that's what it is; it's *fishy*. An' you've no right to do it—no, an' I ain't going to stand for it."

"Look here, you!" cried Kirkland, a heavy hand on the Freshman's shoulder, "I don't allow under-classmen to tell me what I ought to do or to insinuate I'm—fishy or dishonorable."

"Don't get angry, Mr. Kirkland," put in Croudace; "our young friend don't quite understand the situation, that's all."

"I don't want you to talk to me—I don't want you to talk to me!" cried the boy, the tears in his eyes. "I know what you are after, right enough. You're trying to corrupt Kirk and trying to get him to give up the honor—the *honor* of playing for his alma mater, for a lot of cheap newspaper notoriety and a lot of lush clubs. And you," he shouted, wrenching back from Kirkland and facing him, "are going to sell us—sell your own college——"

"Quit it, I tell you."

"——sell your own college, and throw the game. Yes, that's what it amounts to, for the sake of that. Well, you can do it, and you can go ahead and sell out, but it's the trick of a cad and a traitor, an'—an'—an' I don't want you to speak to me again." With the words Dolliver stormed out of the room, slamming the door.

He must have met the Captain of the eleven, slow-moving, deliberate, dogmatic Tracy Booth, almost at the very door of the house, and told him the news, for Kirkland and Croudace had no more than time to resettle themselves after the Freshman's interruption when Booth came to the door.

He shook hands with his quarter-back and Croudace and sat down on Kirkland's window-seat, before he spoke. But his silence was not noted by the others, Booth being the man of the fewest words in college.

"Well, how did the squads work this afternoon, Tracy?" said Kirkland by way of beginning.

"Bum."

"Good many candidates this year?"

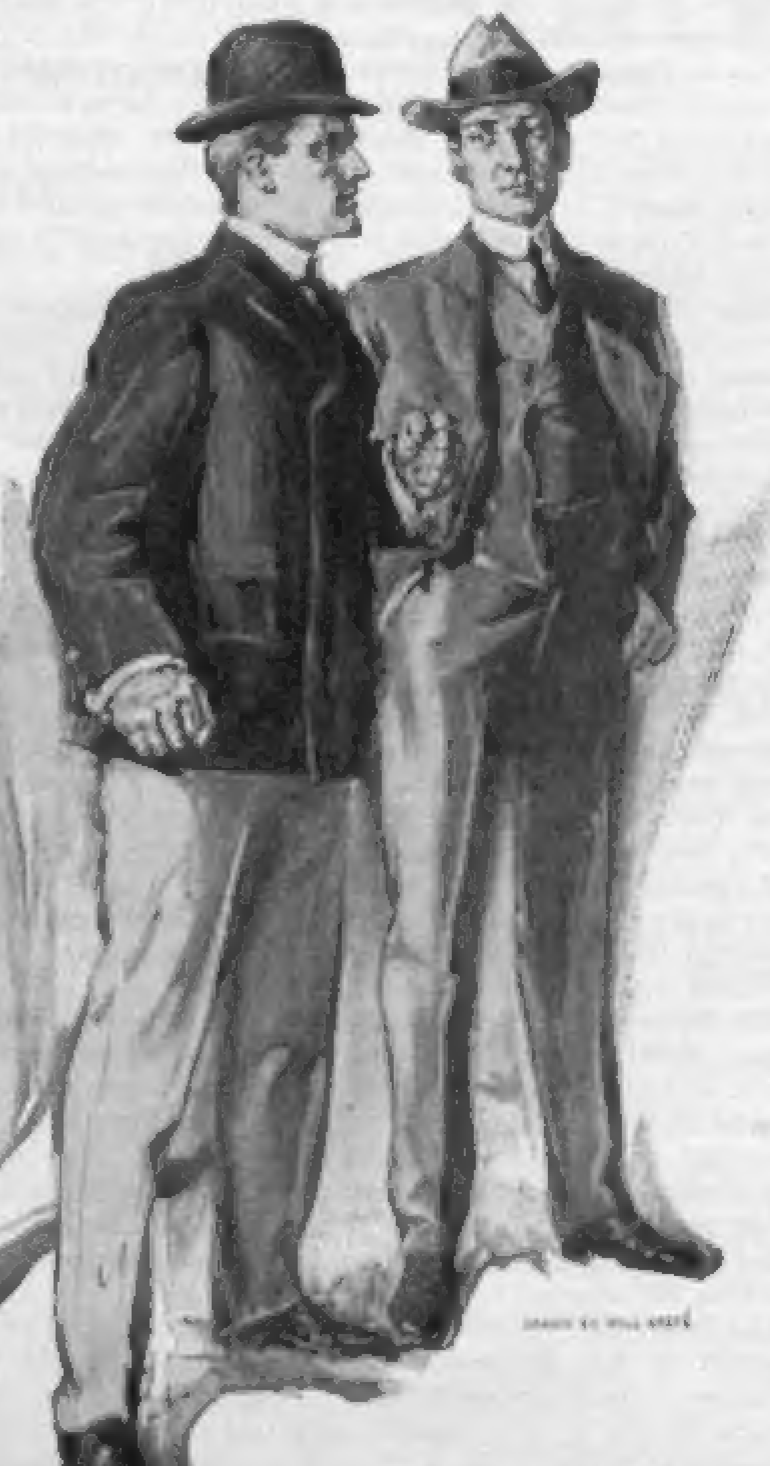
"A few."

Booth spread out his feet and slowly rocked back and forth in his place. Then after a pause, and with that deliberateness for which he was known, he remarked: "H'm, . . . what is this Dolliver tells me . . . about your not playing this year?"

"Oh," began Croudace cheerfully, "I was only suggesting as a joke that Mr. Kirkland could make his own position on the eleven of my college."

"Well, . . . he can't."

"Indeed, I assure you, Mr. Booth, he could, oh, easily."



"Kirkland," he said, "it looks bad, don't it?"

"Dolly went off half cocked as usual," explained Kirkland.

"Well, he can't play on any other team but mine."

"I see," said Croudace; "you mean this new four-year rule."

"Four-year rule nothing. He can't play because I won't let him."

Croudace began to laugh.

"Well, he has his choice," he answered.

"No, he hasn't."

"How do you mean, Mr. Booth?"

"*I* have the choice."

"Yes, but——"

"And I don't choose."

Kirkland began to feel a resentment. He was by far the best player on the eleven, and as quarter-back handled the ball and gave the signals. He was a better player than Booth himself and had come within one vote of being elected Captain the year before. He told himself that Tracy needn't think he could domineer and try to make him seem small before this stranger. His nerves were still jangling from Dolliver's words and he was not in an easy temper.

"Hello, Tracy; what's all up?" he demanded. "I guess I would have something to say."

Booth, as if he had already talked too much, merely lifted a shoulder. Kirkland felt that he was set at naught.

"I suppose you don't object to my studying law after I graduate from here?" he inquired elaborately. "Or would you prefer—would you *choose*—chiropody for me?"

"You'll play quarter on my team." Booth could not readily consider more than one phase of a subject at a time.

Kirkland's anger flared up. He felt keenly the humiliation of this assumption of authority before Croudace.

"I'll play where I jolly well please. Look here, Tracy, you don't *own* me, you know."

"I own my quarter-backs, I guess."

"By the Lord Harry, here's one of them you don't own! There's no man that wears shoes can dictate to me; and if you don't believe it, listen here. Croudace," he exclaimed, turning to the other—"Croudace, I'm your man."

II

AT HALF-PAST three o'clock, midway in the second half of the 'Varsity game, the football reporters began wiring to their papers that, barring "flukes," the Blues had the game, and that Tracy Booth's eleven, for the first time in the Captain's career, were facing an almost inevitable defeat. Up to the very beginning of the first half it had been generally conceded that Booth would have a "walk-over" with the Blues.

But the game had not been in progress ten minutes before the bleachers saw Booth's eleven "stars" driven in again and again before the deliberate grim attack of the Blue eleven, inferior as individuals, but by months of strenuous training welded together to form a single compact unit. It was "team-work" against "grand-stand work," and the result was practically a foregone conclusion. Kirkland, gnawing his nails, watched little Knowles, Booth's quarter-back, with fierce intentness. He had coached the boy all through the season to play in his own place and had hoped great things of him. But now it could no longer be denied that little Knowles—it was his first 'Varsity game—was "rattled." He passed wild continually. The trick-plays from which so much had been expected were spoiled by his unsteadiness. With the ball on Booth's ten-yard line, and misunderstanding his Captain's directions, he gave the wrong signal, and instead of punting—it was the third down with five yards to gain—called on the half for an end run. He passed the ball clumsily, the Blues broke through and, downing the runner without a gain, took the ball almost in the shadow of the goal posts. In three terrific plunges between guard and tackle they had carried it across for a touchdown, and, kicking the goal, made the score six to nothing.

Croudace, who stood at Kirkland's elbow on the side lines, shook his head.

"Kirkland," he said, "it looks bad, don't it?"

Kirkland, too excited to speak, only nodded, clenching his teeth; but a reporter near at hand remarked: "Their quarter has gone to pot. Nothing like a wobbly quarter to demoralize a team."

The ball was brought out once more and the Blue eleven, resuming the tactics they had followed since the kick-off, recommenced hammering away at Booth's centre, massing on the left-guard and centre-rush. Slowly they advanced, slowly Booth's line was driven down the field, two and three yards at a time.

"Knolley ought to get on to those wedges," muttered Kirkland between his teeth. "He don't seem to be anywhere. There, there, look at him now—look at that!—oh, isn't it sickening!"

"What's wrong with that quarter?" demanded the newspaper reporter at Kirkland's back.

"Man's rattled," answered his companion; "rattled right out of his boots. Hi, Hi, Hi! Watch it, watch it! Look at the fumble! Good work, Tracy Booth! Fell on that ball like a shot."

The bleachers thundered again as the great Captain gathered in the ball on a fumble by the Blue half-back; then, leaping erect, the ball under his arm, flung up his nose-guard and cried the signal like a challenging stag bellowing defiance.

"No gain," sang the umpire.

"They've got a defense like a stone wall, those fellows," said Croudace.

Tracy Booth, as ever first on his feet, intoned the signal while yet the scrimmage was disentangling.

"Eleven—nine—twenty-eight—three—ends back; quickly now!"

"Now, now, now," muttered Kirkland to Croudace. "That's the signal for the 'Dark Horse.' It's the best trick we've got. Watch now, watch 'em close. See Hollis coming back, and the halves edge in. The 'Quickly now' is the signal; all the rest is just to fool the other side. There, now, now! Oh, *Knowles;* what *is* it!"

For the little quarter-back had made another wild pass and thrown the ball so swiftly that it had struck the half-back in the shoulder and bounded off to one side. Booth caught it before it fell, only to be swept from his feet as the Blue line came charging through and carried him back, for all his struggles, a full ten yards. How it happened neither Kirkland nor Croudace saw, but when the men rose from the ground the Blue Captain had the ball.

And again the old heartbreaking assault on guard and centre was begun. Steadily, monotonously, grimly the Blue team attacked. Booth's halves and full-back made many superb tackles, many brilliant individual plays, but the team-work of the Blue line told, and told again and again. They had no tricks; they attempted only straight football. It was the insistent crushing impact of a well-working engine and it was winning the game. The second half drew to its close and once more the Blues advanced upon the goal so inadequately defended.

"Oh, hold 'em, hold 'em, hold 'em!" groaned Kirkland, kneading his fists together. "Play your game, Knolley; play it up! You ain't beaten yet."

"Fi—rst do—wn," chanted the umpire.

"Lord, how they're going through!" exclaimed Croudace.

"Hello, who's hurt? There's a man down. Knowles, sure as shooting. He's getting up, though—no, he's staggering—down again—ah, he's out of it. Yes, they're taking him off."

"The substitute is worse than *he* is," observed the reporter.

"I don't know about that. I don't know about that," vociferated Kirkland. Croudace glanced at him. Then abruptly he seemed to understand.

"Don't be crazy, Kirk," he exclaimed. "To begin with, you're out of training."

But suddenly Kirkland broke from him and ran down the side-lines to where Knowles' substitute, a Sophomore named Barnes, was preparing to go in.

"Here, here," he shouted; "wait! *I'm going in.*"

Croudace had followed and now caught him by the arm.

"You're a fool, I tell you!" he cried. "Don't you know you can't play on *any* Eastern team next year if you do this?"

Knowles, supported by Booth and the trainer, came up from the field. The little quarter, one arm swinging limp, was protesting and struggling.

"I'm going back; I tell you I'm going back. Booth, listen; it's not dislocated—oh, say, quit, will you. Look here, you fellows; they'd kill Barnes out there. He don't know—he's never played—I tell you I *will* go back."

"Barnes," called Tracy Booth.

But Kirkland had thrust himself between, and his eyes and those of his old Captain met.

"I know all the signals," cried Kirkland, "from helping coach." Already he had thrown off his coat and waistcoat and was struggling into a sweater.

"Listen to *me*," protested Croudace. "Don't you see it's too late now? There's only five minutes to play and the game is lost already. You can't do anything and you're giving up a sure thing for next year."

"Oh, what do I care for your Eastern team!" shouted Kirkland.

"You're crazy, I tell you."

"And I tell *you* I'm only coming to my senses," retorted Kirkland.

"Hurry up there," cried the referee from the field.

"Tracy," cried Kirkland, "I've been a cad, and I've treated you wrong. But give me my chance now to make it up. Old man, *let* me play."

The reporters had come crowding up. On their copy they had written: "*4:05. Knowles hurt and taken off.*"

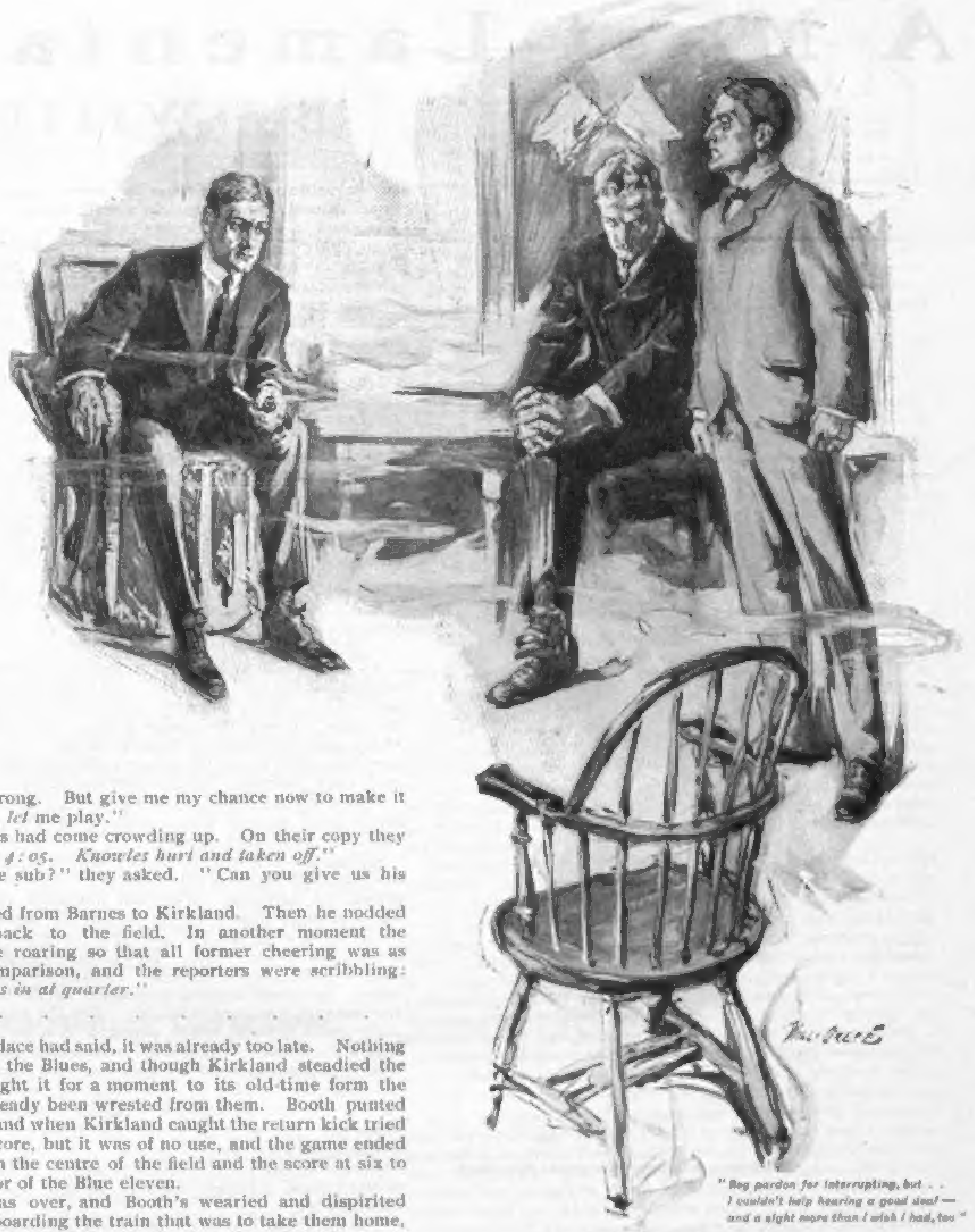
"Who is the sub?" they asked. "Can you give us his name."

Booth glanced from Barnes to Kirkland. Then he nodded and turned back to the field. In another moment the bleachers were roaring so that all former cheering was as nothing in comparison, and the reporters were scribbling: "*Kirkland goes in at quarter.*"

. . . .

But, as Croudace had said, it was already too late. Nothing now could stop the Blues, and though Kirkland steadied the team and brought it for a moment to its old-time form the victory had already been wrested from them. Booth punted out of danger and when Kirkland caught the return kick tried heroically to score, but it was of no use, and the game ended with the ball in the centre of the field and the score at six to nothing in favor of the Blue eleven.

After all was over, and Booth's wearied and dispirited players were boarding the train that was to take them home, Kirkland and the Captain, for the first time since the scene on the side-lines, met face to face on the platform of the Pullman. The other men had already filed into the car and for the moment the two were alone. Kirkland, almost timidly, waited for the verdict of his chief.



"Beg pardon for interrupting, but . . . I couldn't help hearing a good deal — and a sight more than I wish I had, too"

The Captain, impassible and taciturn as ever, even in defeat, held his quarter-back's eyes for a moment with his. Then, quietly, he said:

"Good man."

Famous Coffee-Drinkers and Tea-Tipplers

By William Mathews

AN INTERESTING and not uninstructive volume might be written on the favorite edibles and potables of famous literary men—especially on the stimulants in which they have sought refreshment or inspiration. Few persons realize what a transformation tea and coffee—those beverages which the plain-speaking William Cobbett denounced as "slops"—have wrought in the tastes of this class of workers, weaning them, as they have, from the heavy potations of wine and spirits in which they once indulged.

The roll of literary men who have been passionately fond of that

> "Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
> And see all things through his half-shut eyes,"

is decidedly shorter than that of the illustrious tea-tipplers, although to-day, perhaps, the difference is fast disappearing. Voltaire, the king of wits and *littérateurs*, was the king, too, of coffee-drinkers. In his old age he took fifty cups a day, which sadly hurt his digestion and hastened his death. The abstemious Balzac was fond of the same drink, stimulating himself with it from midnight, when he began his literary work, till daybreak, when, starved and self-forgetful, he would find himself, bare-headed and in dressing-gown and slippers, in the Place du Carrousel, ignorant how he came there, and miles from home.

Sir James Mackintosh was so fond of coffee that he used to assert that the powers of a man's mind would generally be found to be proportional to the quantity of that stimulant which he drank. His brilliant schoolmate and friend, Robert Hall, preferred tea of which he sometimes drank a dozen cups.

Cowper's fine tribute to "the cups that cheer but not inebriate"—a phrase, by the way, which he borrowed from Bishop Berkeley—is one of the most pleasing pictures in the "Task." Porson and Parr, the famous Greek scholars, indulged in frequent and copious potations of the Chinese beverage. Sir James Scarlett once saw the former drink sixteen cups of tea, one after another, at Baynes' chambers in Lincoln's Inn—an innocent stimulant compared with others that he indulged in. Doctor Parr's libations were as frequent as if he thought that without them he would be below par.

Once, having been asked, after he had drunk a dozen cups at a lady's table, if he would have another, he replied with a line from Catullus: "*Non possum tecum vivere, nec sine te.*"

Of Dr. Samuel Johnson it is almost impossible to think except as one drinking interminable "dishes" of tea. The teapot he used was a huge one, of old Oriental porcelain, painted and gilded, and holding not less than three quarts of liquid.

In his review of Jonas Hannay's Essay on Tea, he speaks of himself as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morn." Tea to the great literary despot was like sack to Falstaff: it "ascended him into the brain, made it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes;" and his learning was "a mere hoard, kept by a devil," till tea unlocked it and "set it in act and use." Richard Cumberland, the prolific playwright, whose autobiography we have recently read, relates an amusing incident which happened at his own house, when Sir Joshua Reynolds ventured to remind Johnson that he had drunk eleven cups of tea.

"Sir," replied the great literary mogul, "I did not count your glasses of wine; why, then, should you number up my cups of tea? Sir, I should have released the lady from any further trouble had it not been for your remark; but you have reminded me that I want one of the dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my number."

If Johnson drank tea oftener and more copiously than any other literary potentate of England, William Hazlitt, the writer and critic, probably surpassed every other author in the singularity and strength of his potations. Rising usually at one or two o'clock in the day, he would sit over his breakfast of exceedingly strong black tea and a toasted French roll—if he had no work on hand—for hours, silent, motionless, and self-absorbed as a Turk over his opium-pouch. It was the only stimulant or luxury, Douglas Jerrold says, he ever took, and he was very fastidious about its quality, using always the most expensive kind, and consuming, when he lived alone, about a pound a week. He always made the tea himself—half filling the teapot with tea, pouring boiling water on it, and then almost immediately pouring it out, and mingling with it a great quantity of sugar and cream. Such a beverage must have been delicious; indeed, Jerrold says, "there was fascination in it;" but as a daily stimulant it must have been most deleterious, and as the essayist died, after several severe attacks, from a disease of the digestive organs, it probably caused his death.

A Most Lamentable Comedy

By William Allen White

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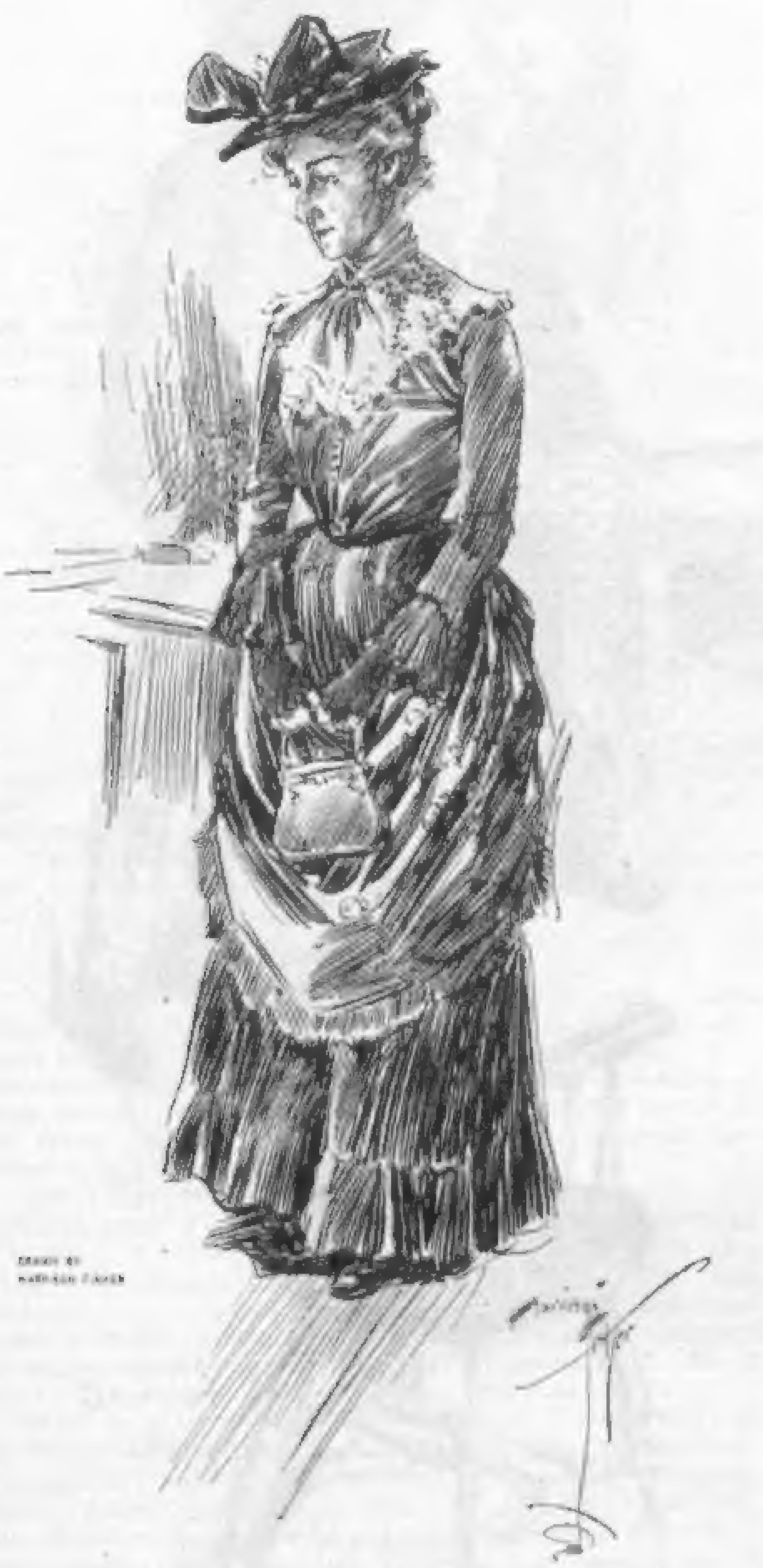

Mrs. Gregg in her skimp, weather-stained, black alpaca

PART IV—CONCLUSION

A SUDDEN mounting blaze in the grate attracted McCord's attention. He recognized his affidavits in the burning papers and stood astounded. Then, in an impulse of blind rage, he seized the poker in a vain effort to rescue the burning papers. He looked up and met the eyes of Gregg and Mrs. Baring. For a moment his rage craved a physical relief. He ached to hit Gregg. But instead he had to listen to Mrs. Gregg's voice, which gnawed at his nerves like a corroding poison, saying:

"Dan'l, I seen that piece in the Palladium yesterday; somebody sent it to me. I don't know what it means, but I thought I'd best get on the cars and come right to you." Her voice was dull, miserable, expressionless. She continued: "I thought you'd need me. For I didn't sleep a wink all last night, and I haven't had the heart to take a bite to eat. I just thought I'd come right up." The pitiful attitude of the wife, the dead, monotonous tone of her voice, touched McCord, until Gregg answered:

"Oh, that's all right—that's all right—don't be foolish; it's all in the game of politics. If I was you I'd not lose any sleep about anything you see in the newspapers about me." Gregg let his irritation rasp his voice. His wife went up to him and said:

"Why, pa!"

And then she added: "Now, pa—you just ask Mrs. Baring what she'd 'a' done in my place." Mrs. Gregg turned to Mrs. Baring, who had been a mute, puzzled spectator, and said: "He lays such great store by everything you say and do, and I want you to just read this piece—the part marked there, and see if it ain't enough to make me worry." She handed the folded paper to Mrs. Baring. McCord, still wrestling with his demon of wrath, sought the secret of Mrs. Baring's perturbed and horrified face as she read. Gregg also was watching her face, and McCord saw Gregg's jaw drop and his eyes show terrified white eyeballs, but Mrs. Gregg babbled out:

"I've been a hardworking woman all my life, and I don't see what the papers want to print a lot of stuff like that for about us. Pore Danetta she cried, too, and just wanted to set right down and write to the editor, but I told her that wasn't no use." She wiped away a straggling tear with her knuckle. "But I sh'd think they'd know maybe children had some natural feelings before printing such things."

She was still running on drearily when Mrs. Baring finished the paragraph and lifted her dazed and worried eyes to the tableau about her. She saw Gregg first—a frightened animal leaning against a wall, with a strange and—to Mrs. Baring—new weakness in his limp features. He was moistening his lips in a disgustingly animal way, and Mrs. Baring's eyes revolted from him and met the repressed fury gleaming like a masked battery behind McCord's curious, cynical gaze. She saw Mrs. Gregg in her skimp, weather-stained, black alpaca, and her little, cheap, dusty, black straw hat, with its scant home-made bow of black ribbon; Mrs. Baring saw the tremble in Mrs. Gregg's toil-stained hand, trying vainly to tuck in the straggly ends of hair around her face. The surcharged atmosphere of the room was beginning to affect Mrs. Gregg. She felt forlorn and friendless in it. She closed her monologue with a question to Mrs. Baring: "Wasn't I right to come up here, Mrs. Baring? I says to Nettie, 'Well, it's my duty to be with your pa in this crisis;' so I come. I don't see why I shouldn't, do you?"

Mrs. Baring was speechless for a moment; her lips seemed stiff and lifeless. She felt a tremor within her that was spreading to every muscle in her body. But she rallied her will and replied:

"I think you did exactly right, Mrs. Gregg."

Then McCord turned to Mrs. Baring, who was moving toward the door, and said:

"Shall we go?"

As she turned to leave Mrs. Baring saw Gregg still leaning against the wall, with his head dropped between stooping shoulders, looking after her furtively. He had reverted to his caste. It was the closest glimpse Mrs. Baring ever had of the man they knew in Pleasant Ridge. A sickening revulsion followed her in the silent walk with McCord down the cool, dark corridor. At the door she said:

"Thank you, James—you needn't go any farther." And she walked wearily away, looking at the ground—which was unusual for Mrs. Baring.

Gregg sent his wife home to Pleasant Ridge, and plunged into the last week of his campaign with a vigor that surprised his partisans. They did not know that his activity was a counter-irritant for the wound his vanity had received in the room with McCord and Mrs. Baring. Gregg essayed his old rôle on the stump. He stormed and strutted upon the platform; he played with the modulations of his resonant voice; he coined nipping epigrams; but even his most effective business was unsatisfactory. For the irresponsible state—the self-hypnosis, which changed him and gave him his hypnotic power—would not come. Instead, sleeping or waking, speaking or as he rode over the plains between his meetings, the rankle of the festering wound in his pride came to his consciousness and held him on the rack. In the mean time Turner wondered much what McCord thought of Gregg's burning the affidavits. The day before election Turner overhauled McCord and asked him squarely how matters stood between him and Gregg. McCord answered reflectively:

"Well, Dick, this time last week I was pretty hot under the collar. I think I was almost as mad as a man generally gets—when I saw what he'd done. Any man would be. But one day last week Gregg came to my office so jauntily, and began patronizing me, and told me that my intentions were all right, but that I was not practical. The fellow is eaten up with mad vanity, Dick, and he stood around bragging about his hold on the people and his higher duty as their leader, and I couldn't help pitying him—'"Dreadin' what I've got to watch," the color sergeant said.' The poor devil, I let him talk on and went about my business."

About nine o'clock on election day Gregg gave out a confident statement to the reporters for the afternoon papers. He had forgotten to register and his vote at Pleasant Ridge was lost. So he sat in his office that morning, tilted in his chair, with his head hanging back in a basket made with his big, bony hands. It did not occur to him to speculate about his election any more than about the sunrise. He was repeating over and over in a whisper: "I am the child of Fate; what doth it matter me?" Then, as a man drifts illogically in a dream from one train of fancy to another, Gregg kept saying to himself: "A new man in '96. A new man in '96."

His eyes burned and his hair was a-tumble when the boy brought the morning mail with the Omaha papers in it. Glancing over the Bee, Gregg saw a New York interview with Senator Felt, of a New England State, on the national political outlook. Gregg's party and Felt's were fusing in Gregg's election and naturally Gregg coveted Felt's good will. Half-way down the column Senator Felt was discussing Missouri Valley politics, and Gregg caught these words:

> Two years ago there rose out of the sage-brush one Dan Gregg, a kind of political wild man of Borneo. He was elected Governor of his State and for a few months threatened to figure in national politics. He seems to have been a combination of Robespierre, Webster and Herr Most. He was the product of a fanaticism. I speak of him in the past. He has effervesced. His people have become sane again. He is passing to that political bourne from which no traveler e'er returns. His defeat for reëlection is conceded. And as he is weak, vacillating and erratic, he will have no personal force to regain his power when once it passes from him.

When Gregg finished reading it his heart was thumping on his ribs and his hands were clenched. For the first time he saw the bubble he had blown and cherished, endangered. His reason fluttered to the border of hysteria. It was an hour before his mind's eye could look at the burning bruise of doubt on his Destiny which Felt's blow had brought. As his soul reeled slowly in and quickly out of poise, time and again, the shadow of Dan Gregg, the town infidel of Pleasant Ridge, of Dan Gregg, the dreamer, of Dan Gregg, the practical politician, kept blurring the shadow of Dan Gregg, the "child of Fate," that fell on the white paper before him which he was covering with large O's, and sentences and parts of sentences like this: "For the people, by the people, of the people—A. Lincoln;" "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none—D. Gregg."

At one o'clock Turner found Gregg nervous and haggard, sitting at his desk, gazing at nothing. His first words were: "Dick, she's all right, ain't she? Everything's coming our way, ain't it?"

Turner felt Gregg's mood and answered: "Oh y-y-yes; don't w-w-worry. It'll be all r-r-right, I g-g-guess."

Gregg jumped to his feet and exclaimed in an uncontrolled voice: "You guess! Why, man, don't you know? Don't you know? Don't you know?"

He walked up and down the room and harangued Turner: "I've been a friend of the people. I've sacrificed all for them. I've suffered, I've borne taunts. I've put aside temptation for them. The people won't desert me now, will they, Dick?—not now!"

Turner soothed Gregg, but it took time and much diplomacy. Gregg couldn't eat his luncheon, and he and Turner walked away most of the bright November afternoon, Turner making much talk about religion, philosophy, literature, finance, history and spiritualism—anything to keep Gregg's mind from the election. When they came back to the State House and Gregg went into his private office, Turner said to McCord:

"Professor, you've g-got to be a f-first aid to the w-wounded with me t-to-night. I can't g-go through th-that scene alone. And I g-guess it will be j-just as w-well if we sh-shake the reporters to-night. You'd better c-come a-around with me to his room and hear the r-returns to-night." McCord dropped his eyes, shook his head, and, as he turned into the threshold, said: "Well, I suppose I've got to stand it in the interests of humanity."

The first bulletin came in at half-past eight that night. It was from New York. In reading it McCord got no further than: "Returns from ten precincts in King's County indicate——" when Gregg broke in: "Oh! to —— with New York, Mac—is there anything from the State?"

It was nine o'clock before the first message came that interested Gregg. It was from the League chairman in Grant County, which had given 500 majority to Gregg two years before. His message ran thus: "Local fight here; returns indicate will carry county for Gregg by small majority; lose county ticket." Half an hour later a telegram arrived from Burns County, the county which took the League banner for the largest majority for Gregg in '90. McCord read it: "Will carry most of county ticket." Before Gregg, who was lying on a bed in an adjoining room, could comment on the news from Burns County, Turner gave McCord another message from a doubtful county: "Town vote looks bad for State ticket. County officers in doubt."

As McCord looked up from the yellow slip of paper he saw Gregg in his shirt-sleeves standing in the doorway. "Say, Mac," he whined, "why didn't you look after those counties? Can we afford to lose them—do you think?" McCord did not reply. He handed Gregg another message containing bad news. Gregg grew pale and exclaimed:

"Man alive!—what have you been doing this summer?" Turner, who had read the message over McCord's shoulder, chirped gayly:

"He seems to have been holding a p-post-m-mortem!" The smile that followed saved a scene. McCord replied: "Well, a bad beginning makes a good ending."

It was ten o'clock before the messenger came in with a new bundle of bulletins. They indicated that Gregg was holding his own in certain small counties, but was losing where he should have gained, and was gaining nowhere. The three men read these together in silence. Gregg glared at McCord, who let his hands fall with a heavy finality upon his chair arm.

"It can't be true! It can't be true!" cried Gregg. "It can't be true! Why, we are beat! I tell you, we're beat!" he cried out passionately, and dropped his voice as he added: "If these things are true! Say, Mac—don't you suppose the infernal Western Union is putting this thing up on us?—to cheat us?"

McCord did not reply. He was calculating how much Gregg could lose and still win. The Governor took up his plaint. "Mac, why in Heaven's name don't you do something! Don't sit there like a bump on a log, and let the Western Union cheat us! Get up and do something."

"But what can I do?" protested McCord.

"Do, do!" cried Gregg. "Issue a proclamation. Get out on the street and brand them for the robbers that they are!" Turner and McCord exchanged glances. Turner conveyed by a head-shake the fact that McCord must break the truth.

"Dan Gregg," returned McCord; "lookee here! Stop that whimpering and be a man. Either we've licked them or they've licked us, and neither event should find us howling like motherless pups." Gregg looked at McCord aghast for nearly half a minute, and no one broke the silence. Gregg tried to grip himself, but his voice squeaked.

"Mac, you—you—you—you don't know what it means—to—me. You don't—you don't think they—they can

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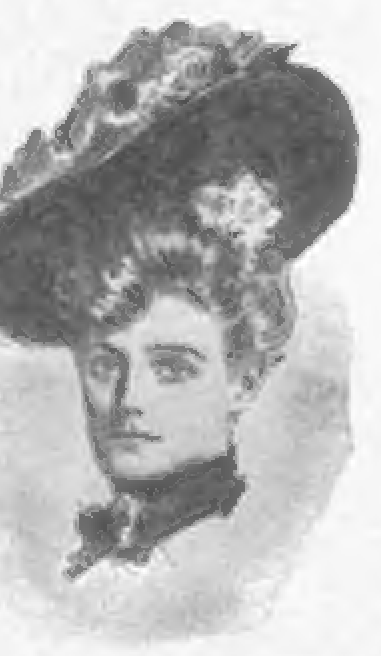

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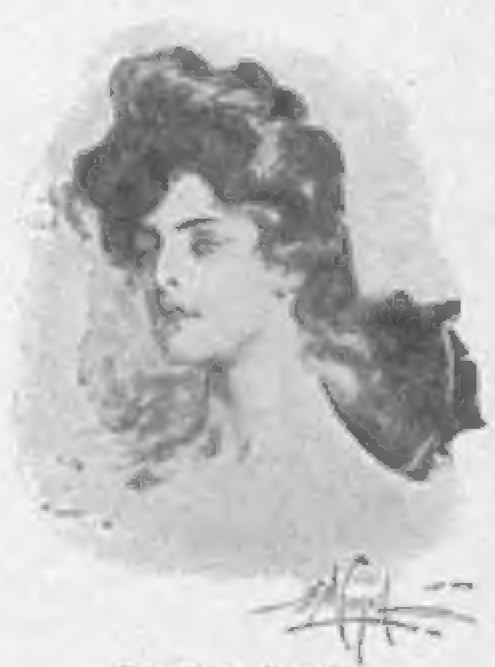

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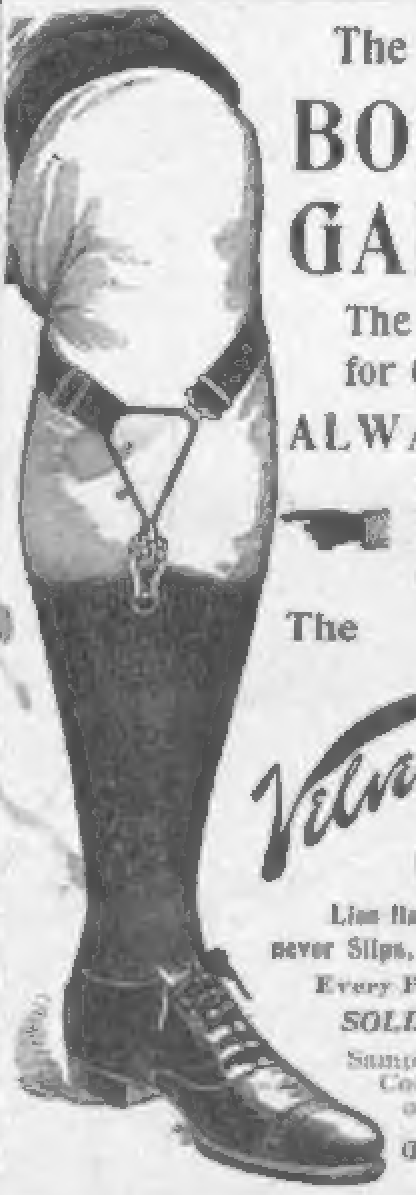

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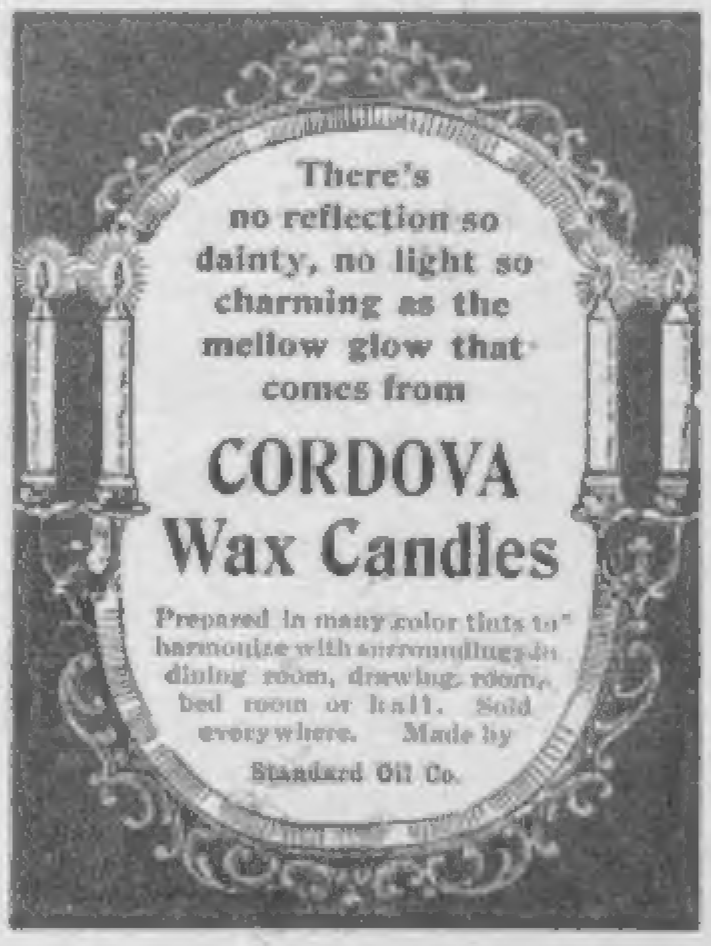

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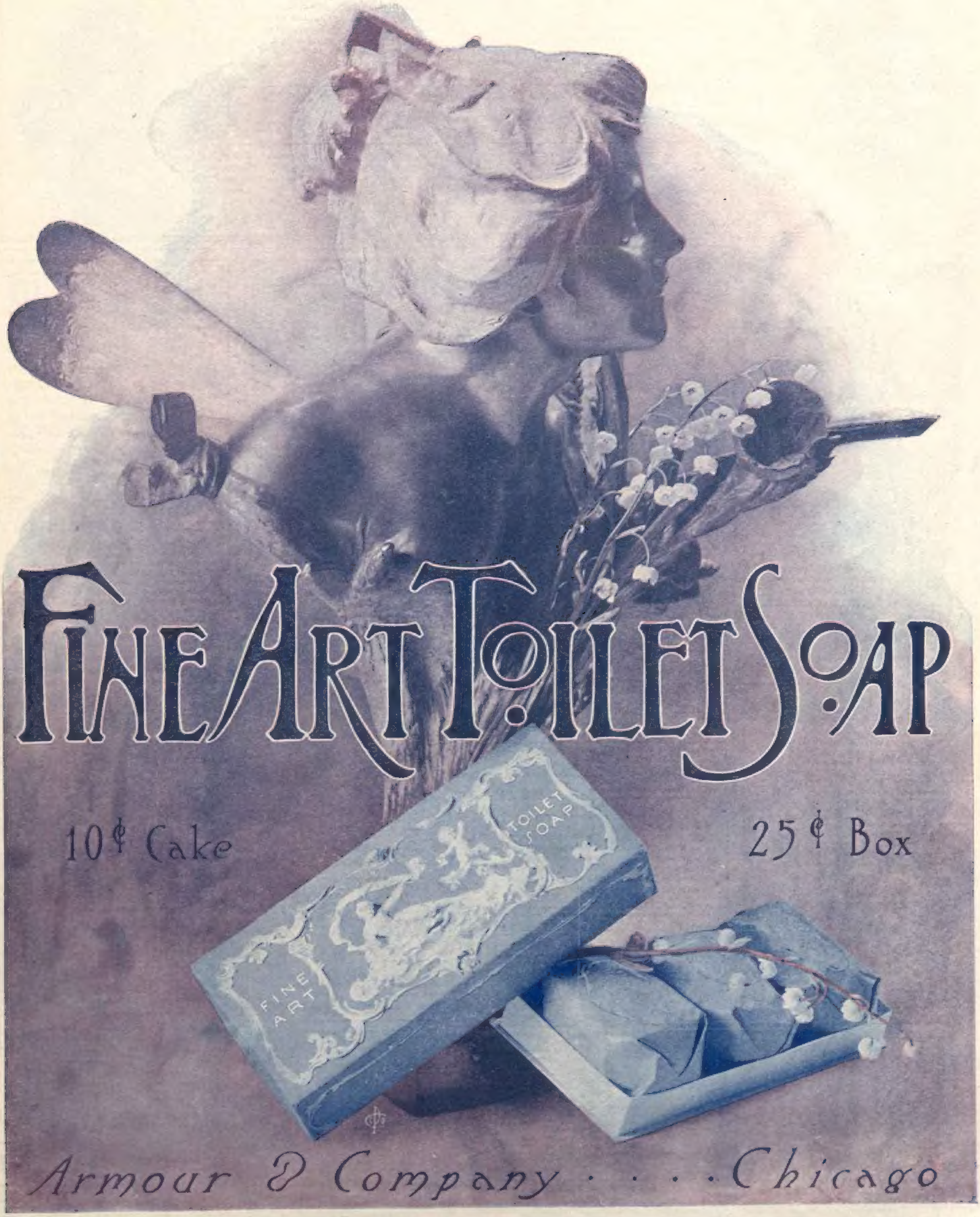

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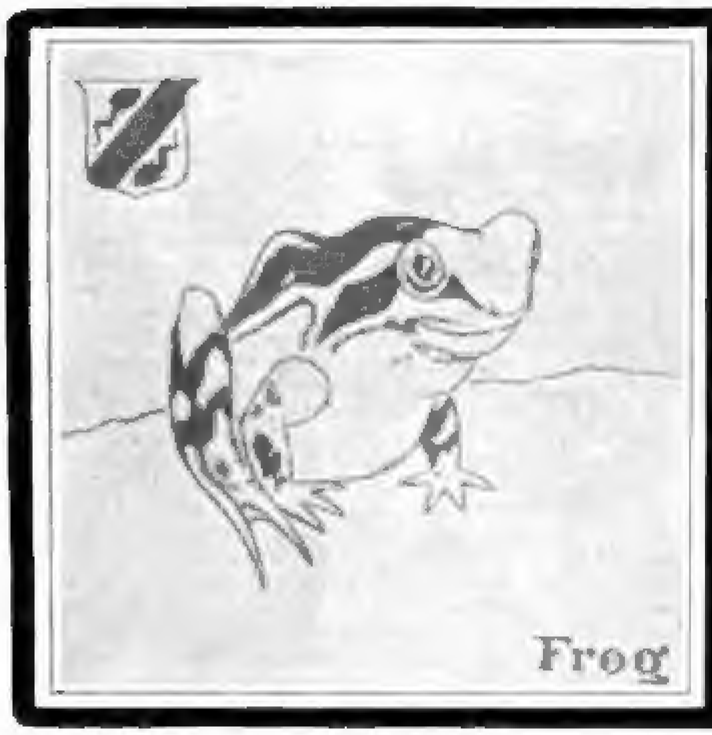
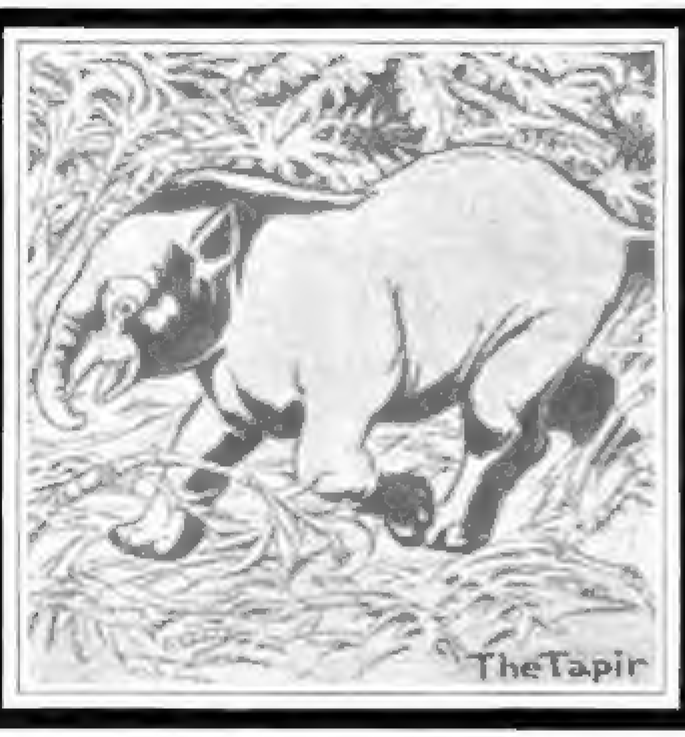
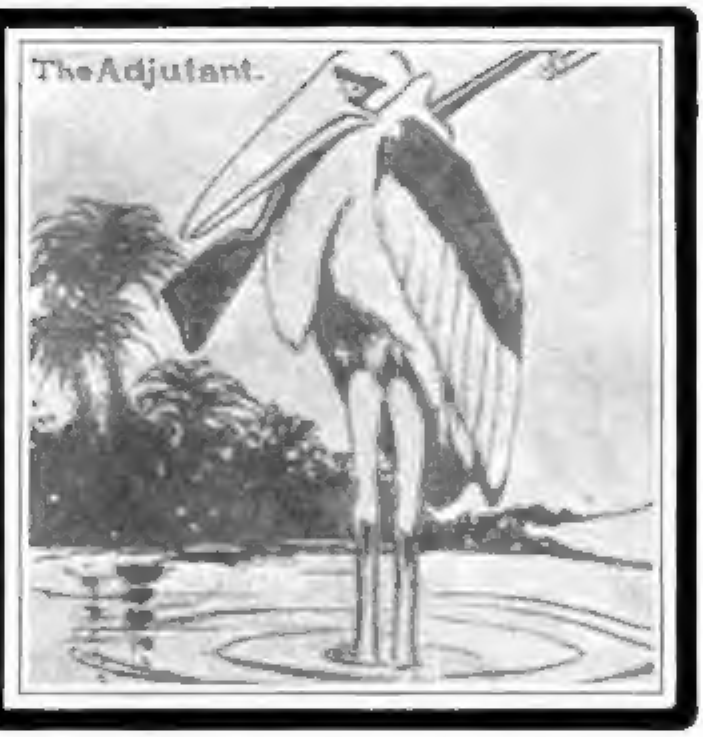






The Frog

BEHOLD the frog, and then contrast
His present with his humble past!
Once but a tadpole in a pool—
Now Nature's gayly painted fool—
So *newly rich* in legs and toes
He's sadly lacking in repose,
Yet he is never impolite.
He hops and jumps from sheer delight,
And shows with each gymnastic spasm
The convert's fresh enthusiasm.

The Swan

OH, SEE the swan swim to and fro!
They say the swan is dumb—Oh, no!
It is contrariness; a crime
Common to singers of our time.
She has a wondrous vocal gift,
And yet she does not deign to lift
Her voice, lest men should criticise.
She will not sing until she dies;
Nor will she then her grave forsake,
As opera singers do, to take
An encore—and she makes but one
"Farewell appearance." When 'tis done
She sings no more. Is not the swan
A musical phenomenon?

The Tapir

THE tapir is a *pachyderm*,
To use a scientific term;
But if you meet him, don't allude
To such a word, not that it's rude,
But, living in a foreign land,
The tapir would not understand,
Having no Latin, and less Greek,
And might an awful vengeance wreak,
Not dreaming "*pachyderm*" implied
His own invulnerable hide.
Oh, *when* will scientists see fit
To moderate their terms a bit!

The Tiger

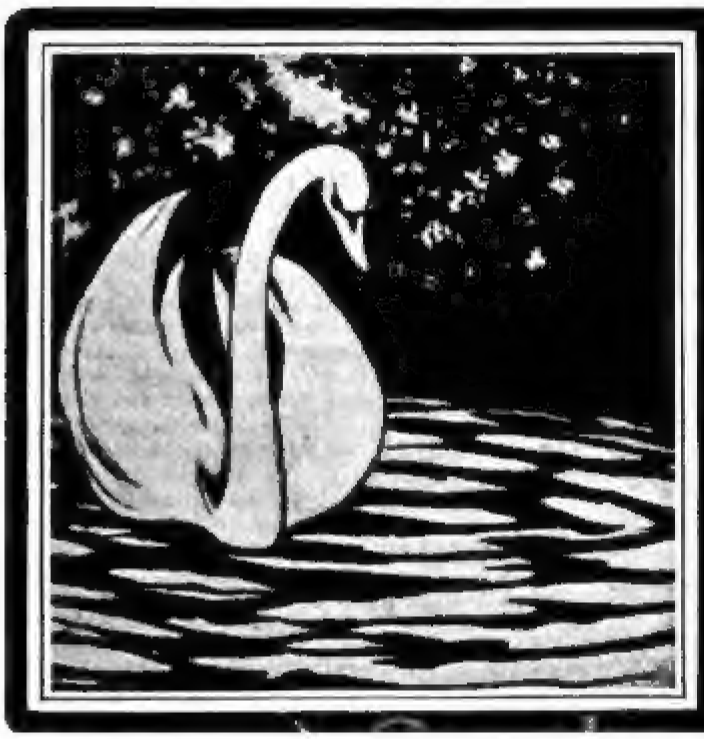
NOW comes the tiger, fierce and bold,
His doublet slashed with black and gold;
He loves to roar and rant and rage
Upon the jungle's tragic stage,
Where he holds undisputed sway
As leading villain of the play.
His style is real and intense,
Yet, though he moves his audience,
He is not popular at all
(He never had a curtain call).
Whoever stays to see the end
Will nevermore the play attend;
And when his acting goes amiss,
Only the cobra dares to hiss.

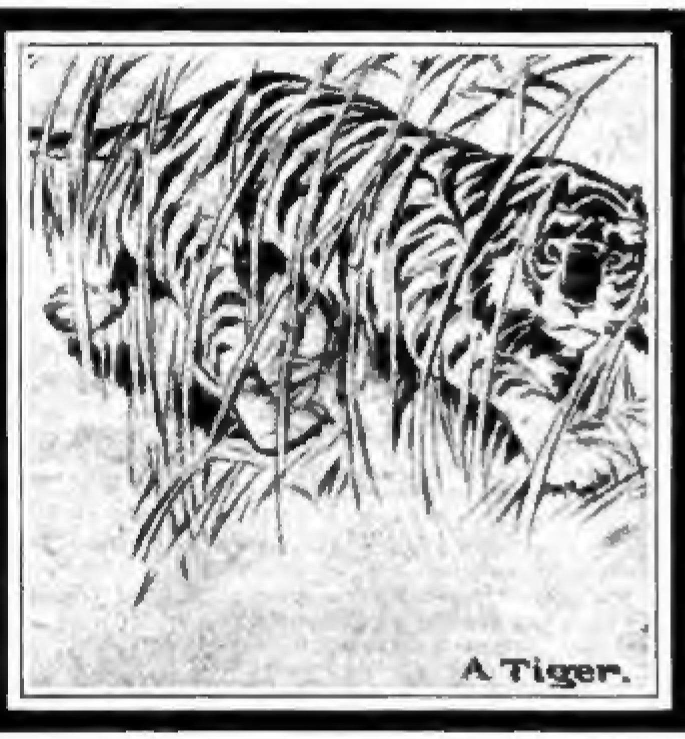
The Adjutant

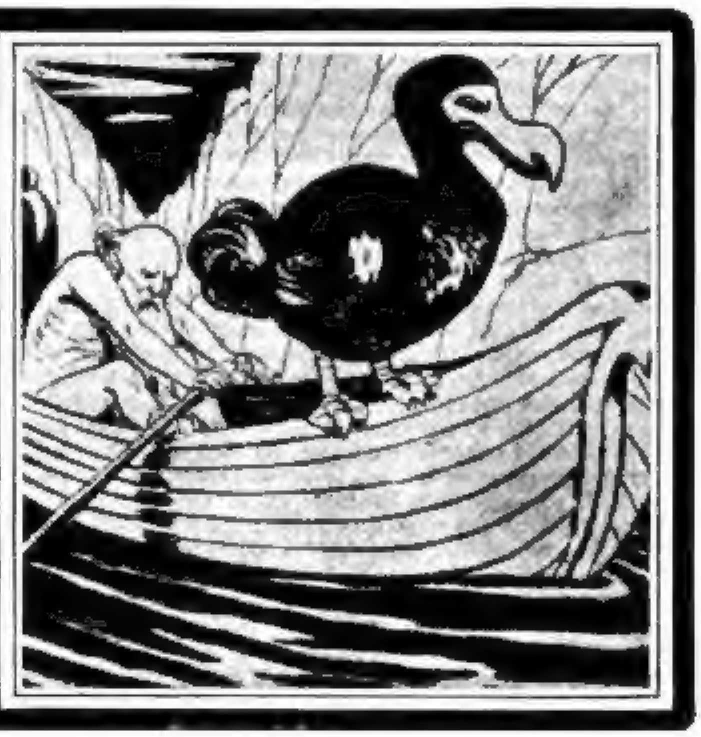
THE adjutant, I may explain,
Is a gigantic sort of crane.
A realist would dance with rage
To see him pictured on this page,
Holding a gun; but though 'tis not
Exactly true, it adds a lot;
And that is where the art comes in.
The artist does not care a pin
Always to follow Nature's groove.
It is Art's mission to improve
On Nature, just as I have done.
But if you do not like the gun
And realistic art prefer,
Go then to a photographer.

The Dodo

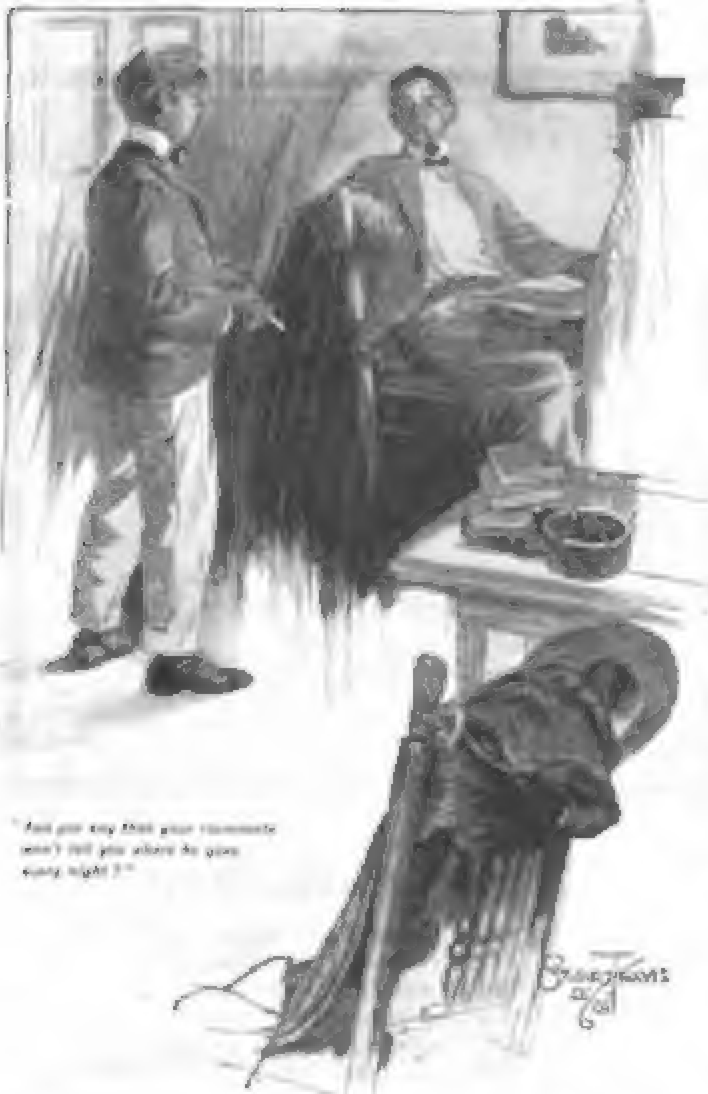
THIS pleasing bird, I grieve to own,
Is now extinct. His soul has flown
To parts unknown, beyond the Styx,
To join the archæopteryx.
What strange, inexplicable whim
Of Fate was it to banish him!
When every day the numbers swell
Of creatures we could spare so well:
Insects that bite and snakes that sting
And many another noxious thing.
All these, my child, had I my say,
Should be extinct this very day.
Then would I send a special train
To bring the dodo back again.







LEG PULL—A Princeton Story—By Jesse Lynch Williams


"And you say that your roommate won't tell you where he goes every night?"

JEREMIAH HENDERSON came to college late in life, and was vastly superior in knowledge of the world to the mere boys who made up the bulk of his class-roll. He "knew men." He had "seen life." He had earned his own living—in fact, he had earned considerably more than his living in the four or five years he had seen life and known men as a contractor in Tucson, Arizona; and he came East to buy a college education with it. This is undoubtedly a respectable way of spending one's savings, and he was duly respected for it by his young classmates; but he had not seen much of the campus world, naturally, and his knowledge of "college men" was vastly inferior to that of the mere boys who entered with him. So Jeremiah Henderson was taught a great deal not mentioned in the annual catalogue.

During the first year or two, however, he did not learn so many of these extra-curriculum things as he should have learned for the very reason that every one treated him with so much respect. They were rather in awe of him, were inclined to hero-worship him; for he was big and brawny, and had a face with lines in it, a reserved manner, a straight, firm mouth that was kept closed most of the time. He had more than that—an air of mystery that appealed to the romance which lies thick under the slangy exterior of even the most pseudo-cynical young senior. He was a man of mark from the first.

"That big, matured-looking Westerner is an Englishman by birth, I understand; ran away from home when a kid; has drifted about all over the world."

"That's the reason he's not so woolly as he looks. Talks well—when he does talk; has quite literary tastes—his room is chock-full of books, complete editions, fine bindings, and all that sort of thing."

"They say he used to be a Government scout out on the plains," was another comment.

"Is that so? Well, he looks as though he might have had all sorts of experiences in his younger days. I shouldn't be surprised to hear that he had killed his man once upon a time. Maybe that's the reason he's so silent and mysterious. Remorse."

This is the way they talked about him in Freshman year. They elected him class president in the spring.

But time and familiarity gradually wore off all the imagined things, and, as with all heroes when seen within touching distance and without the glass of romance, he was found to be about as full of human nature as the rest of us. He was a man of maturity and character, a staunch friend, a good fellow to go to for advice, "a decent enough sort of chap, to be sure, but"—well, for instance, they discovered that he had been silent and inscrutable at first not because thinking great mysterious thoughts, but because, as in the case of most "reserved" people, he couldn't talk. He had been somewhat abashed and ill at ease, at a loss to understand all this college custom and class spirit business which every one seemed to consider the most momentous things in life. He had been conscious of his years and his woolliness, too, and rather on the defensive about it. But, having been chosen as a leader, finding that they were looking up to him instead of down upon him, he changed. He began to talk.

He enjoyed talking; he had done a great deal of reading and thinking out on the plains, and he hadn't had many friends with congenial tastes out there. He had views on all sorts of subjects, and he liked to air them, especially as he observed that they had weight coming from him. He talked well, too; was one of the ready-worded kind who like to hold forth at the dinner-table, smiling complacently at their own good points.

He liked to air his reading, also, as well as his practical knowledge of men and affairs; was more given to quoting and making classical allusions than most modern youths. For he was reveling in his opportunities for academic aspiration, and he thought it a pity every one did not appreciate them. He told them so. "You boys have never been intellectually starved," he used to say, "or you would look at these things as I do. If you had been obliged to earn the price of your college course you would make better use of it;" and so on, all very sound and sensible, but after a while one became tired of being reminded of it, and of how much wiser was the reminder.

They were quite patient with him, however, until he began making blasphemous utterances about their college customs and campus traditions; they won't stand much of that, especially when given with a patronising air as of being serenely superior to all their petty strenuosity.

Naturally it would have been impossible for him to take it all so hard as they did; he had an outside, grown person's point of view; his horizon was not bounded by the campus fence, and it seemed amusing to him, almost absurd, the enthusiastic seriousness with which they took all their little affairs of their tiny college world. "Dear me!" he laughed one day; "you'd think this—what is it?—football managership?—of more importance than England's selection of a premier."

"And so it is—to us," was the reply. A pretty good epitomising answer, by the way; applicable to much of the satire upon provinciality and narrowness of all sorts.

So the time arrived when his classmates decided that it was their duty to have a little fun with Jeremiah Henderson. This type of student is known to every college community and they generally have some such awakening.

I

"BUT where could they conceal the body during the day when the others are in the laboratory?" asked Jeremiah, beginning to look serious.

"Down in the cellar," his caller answered. "No one ever goes there." (This was late one warm night in spring term, junior year, and Jeremiah was being asked for advice.)

"H'm; how about the janitor of the building?" asked Jeremiah.

"By Jove! That must be the reason they were tipping him the other day; I wondered what they were up to at the time."

"H'm-m," still more thoughtfully; "how could they smuggle in a corpse?" Jeremiah asked.

"Oh, easy enough. The professor is always getting in dead animals from circuses and zoological gardens to cut up. They could box up a human body as if it were some of the professor's things, I suppose. But I don't say they have got one; all I know is what I told you I had overheard them say, about a fresh grave down there in that old cemetery this side of Lawrenceville, and how much fun it would be to do a little dissecting."

"And you say that your roommate won't tell you where he goes every night?"

"Won't say a word about it, and there's been a light in the top floor of the laboratory every night this week! Do you really suppose they have got a stiff up there, Jere?" the caller asked with something akin to excitement.

Jeremiah looked thoughtful for a moment and then announced: "I am not prepared to say."

"Oh, I don't really suppose there's anything in it," said the other, whose name was Reddy Armstrong, "but I just thought I'd come and get your advice."

"That's right; I'm glad you did," Jere nodded. "Always come to me."

"You've had so much experience," said the little fellow, looking admiringly at him. "You see, I thought possibly they might get themselves in trouble somehow."

"H'm," said Jeremiah, frowning. Then he added quietly: "Far more serious trouble than you probably realize."

"What do you mean?" Reddy exclaimed in some alarm.

"Oh, well, no matter," said Jeremiah. "No harm has come of it yet" (smiling as when people say, "Well, boys will be boys"). "Besides, we don't know for certain that they are dissecting a human body up there, do we?"

"No—oh, I hope not," said Reddy, shaking his red head earnestly. Then he added: "Say, do you suppose we ought to take steps to find out?"

"Well, what would you suggest?" Jeremiah asked with an indulgent smile.

"Oh, you're the better judge of that," said Reddy. "I suppose we *could* go over there and look—if you think it's worth while."

"Have you a key to the building?"

"I think I could get one within twenty-four hours."

"Good. Suppose you investigate," said Jere with a smile.

"What! Alone?"

Jeremiah laughed.

"Oh, it isn't that I'm afraid, exactly," said Reddy; "it's only, it's only——"

"It's only that you don't want to," laughed Jeremiah. "All right, my boy. I'll go around with you, if that's what you want. And we'll settle this thing together. What time will you call? Twelve? Very good. I'm your man."

"Too bad to interrupt your poling this way," said Reddy politely as he arose to go; "but I did so want to get your advice. Good-night. I felt as if I couldn't sleep without consulting you about it."

"Good-night, good-night. See you at twelve to-morrow night, then," returned Jere. "I'm glad you came to me." And with that he closed the door and sat down to think. They had not been coming around to consult him as much as formerly, although he was quite as willing to give advice. He had been wondering of late if the trouble were with him or with them. There was a time when they used to talk to him on all sorts of subjects, and he would lean back and gravely listen with his eyes squinted thoughtfully, and then, when he had thought sufficiently, would give his opinion with no little eloquence. He gave very good advice, it should be added, and he had every reason to believe that he had kept more than one man from making a fool of himself. He had said that he hoped the fellows felt free to come to him about anything at any time. "I've seen a good bit of life," he used to remark, "and you are perfectly welcome to the benefit of any advice I can give. As Cicero remarks: . . . ."

But he was glad to find that when in trouble they still turned to him, and he was no little concerned at what Reddy had divulged—he had tried not to show how much. He was aware that it was against the laws of the State of New Jersey to dissect human bodies. That was one reason why Princeton had no medical-school college—though of course these mere boys did not take such things into consideration. The newspaper scandal alone, if this thing should come out, and of course it would come out in time, would be bad enough—Jeremiah was very jealous of the fair name of the Alma Mater—but it would not stop with mere publicity, he feared; the law would have to take its course, and if the crime of body-snatching were proved against his young classmates—— But absurd rumors were constantly floating about the campus; Reddy was very young—he was probably mistaken. So Jeremiah made up his mind to begin a thorough investigation without waiting for Reddy.

II

ACCORDINGLY he sought out Preston Brown the next morning and found him on the way to the laboratory. "I want to see you a minute, old man," said Jeremiah kindly. His classmates liked Jere better before he had learned to say "old man." It did not suit Jeremiah's style, even if it had not fallen into disuse by the time he learned it.

"Certainly," said Preston. "What is it?"

Now, Reddy had not implicated Brown, but Jeremiah was a judge of human nature, and he knew that if there were any deviltry Preston had a hand in it.

"Preston, you know I don't believe in beating about the bush. Answer me this question, old man: Have you or have you not got something hid away in that cellar about which you'd rather not have people know?"

"Who said—what are you talking about, anyway?"

"And do you take that certain something out of the cellar at night up to the top floor, remain with it an hour or two, and then return it to the cellar again?"

"What are you talking about?" asked the other with suspicious innocence.

"Did you get this certain something down at that old cemetery a little this side of Lawrenceville, Preston?"

Preston stepped back, apparently startled, but he only exclaimed: "Why, what nonsense!"

"That's all I wanted to find out," said Jeremiah, smiling kindly.

"I'm sure I wish you'd tell me what you refer to," said Preston doggedly.

Jeremiah squinted and said: "I have an idea that you can guess, Preston, old man, eh?"

"I wish you'd explain yourself."

"I will, Preston. I will. If you are engaged in dissecting a human body" (Jeremiah emphasized the words impressively) "you are breaking the laws of New Jersey, and are liable to a large fine—not to speak of the disgrace you will bring upon your Alma Mater and yourselves. If you have been guilty of *robbing a grave* you are liable to a long term in the penitentiary. Now, I've explained myself, Preston; have you anything to explain?"

Preston had turned his face away as if appalled by the picture of the yawning prison gates; but now he faltered out a sentence or two: "What makes you think we have a corpse? What nonsense! Who put this absurd notion in your head? Why, how could we work a scheme of that sort, even if we wanted to? The janitor——"

"Has been liberally tipped?" put in Jere, smiling slyly, and with that he strode off abruptly so as to let his words soak in.

III

REDDY ARMSTRONG found his adviser waiting for him with a determined expression when he called at twelve o'clock that night to investigate the biological laboratory. They proceeded across the dark, echoing campus with resolute strides—at least Jere did; Reddy trotted along behind.

They tiptoed into the dark hallway, felt around in the blackness for their bearings, and mounted the stairs as quietly as possible.

"Why, there's no light in there now," whispered Reddy as they approached the door of the demonstration-room. "There was a minute ago; surely they have not quit work so early."

"They heard us coming, have put out the light and are now in hiding," said Jeremiah, thinking of his interview with Preston. "Let's try the door."

"Do you think we'd better?" whispered Reddy.

But Jeremiah, for answer, merely strode ahead and, finding the door unlocked, entered the dark room. An offensive odor met them at the threshold, a much stronger and fouler odor than the one that always stays in such buildings.

"Smells like it," said Reddy, and he struck a match. It was one of the sputtering kind, the foul draft blew it out. While feeling for another there was a scurrying sound in the back of the room — frogs or mice, perhaps, thinking their hour had come for being sacrificed to science. The second match took fire properly and burned up brightly.

There on a long table in the middle of the room lay something covered with a long white sheet. "There it is," said Reddy in an awed tone.

Jeremiah stepped boldly forward and pulled down the covering, disclosing the motionless and discolored features of a man's face and chest. The body was much emaciated, so that the ribs showed through.

"Great Heavens!" gasped Reddy.

"The little rascals," muttered Jeremiah.

"Let's go," whispered Reddy tremulously, "we've seen it."

"Light another match," commanded Jeremiah aloud.

"Sh," whispered Reddy, but he struck a light, then reached forward and pulled the cover up over the face again.

"I can't stand it," he explained. But he had pulled up the sheet too far, exposing the feet. Jeremiah looked at the feet, he touched them: they were stone cold (fortunately).

"Hasn't been dead long," said Reddy, lighting another match. "I can tell by the convolutions of the toes — look out! Be careful, because — because they'll discover the mark. Don't do that, Jere."

But Jeremiah, who had opened his knife, now jabbed the small, sharp blade a half inch or so into the sole of the foot before Reddy could draw him away. This had no effect, however, except to cause the toes of that foot to double in slightly, and then slowly to straighten out again as the blade was removed. It looked so ghastly that even Jeremiah seemed startled as well as Reddy, who glibly whispered, "Reflex action of the posterior athmoid." Then the match went out. "Come on," said Reddy. "No more matches. And I — to tell the truth, I've had enough of this."

Jeremiah had not elected this course of study, and so did not contradict his young friend's diagnosis. But he said he wasn't at all frightened. "That's nothing," he remarked as they gained the fresh air of outdoors. "If you'd seen as many dead bodies as I have such things wouldn't disturb you." But he did not insist upon returning with more matches.

"Well," said Reddy, as they crossed the campus, "what do you think about it now?"

Jeremiah paused, as one in deep thought. Then, "This thing must be stopped!" he said in his reserved, forceful way.

"How?"

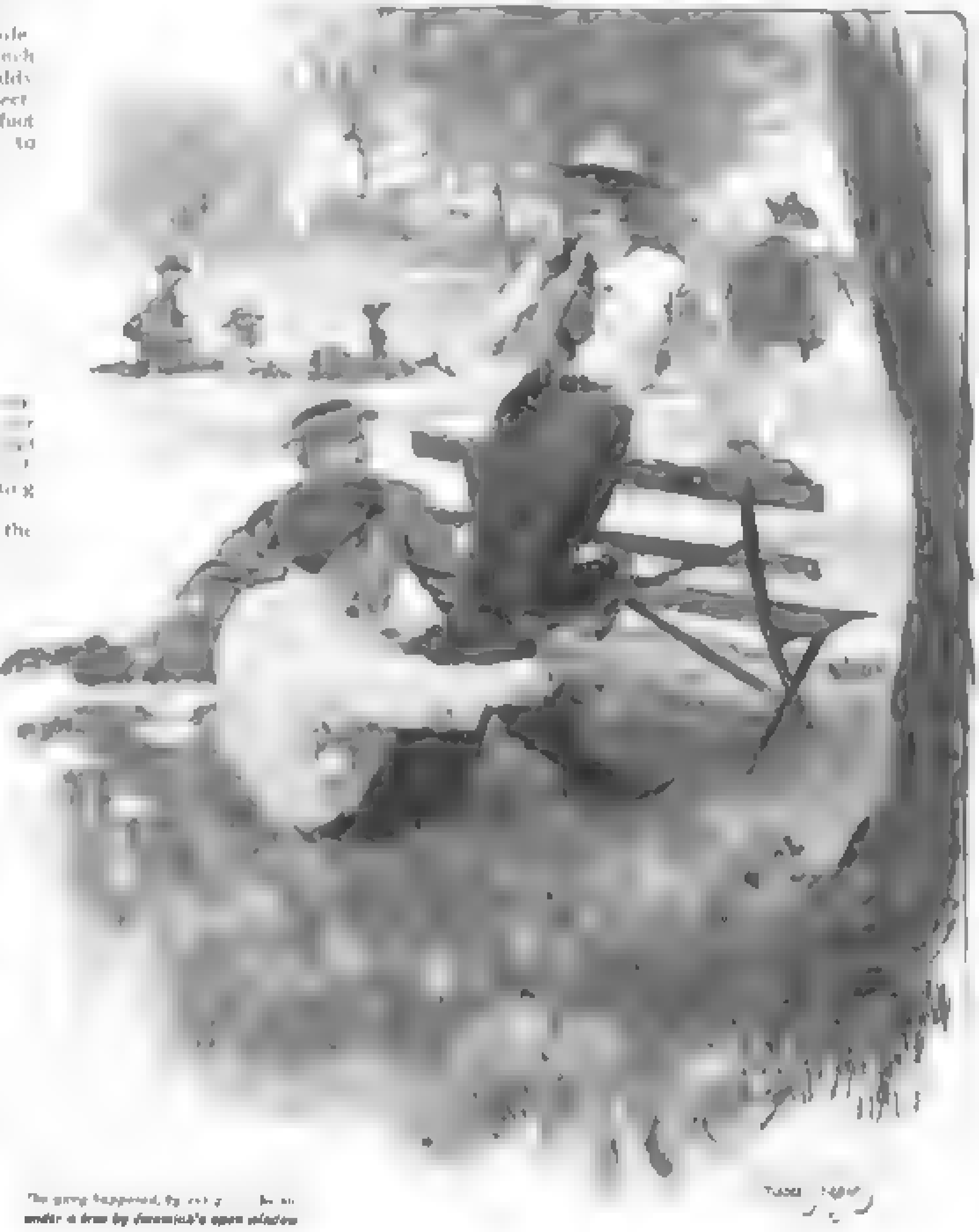
Another pause. Then,

"I must have time to think it over. To-morrow I'll give you my opinion. Good-night, my boy." ("For I wouldst be alone," added Reddy inaudibly as he ran off.)

Jeremiah, thinking over a plan of action, stayed awake far into the night — long after a group of six had stolen out of the dark laboratory as silently as men shaking with laughter could. One of them, a long, exceedingly slender man, limped as he walked. "You little ass, what did you let him jab me for?" he growled to Reddy, who joined them at the corner.

"Never mind! Never mind! You behaved splendidly, and he thinks he's the great man rising to the occasion. To-morrow he is to give his 'opinion.'"

The group laughed again — went to bed laughing.


The gang happened, by design, to be sitting under a tree by Jeremiah's open window

IV

THEY had originally intended to keep it all to themselves, but they now decided that such a course would be selfish; it was too good to keep. And before noon of the next day all of the class were enjoying it, though some of them disapproved, for the reason that Jere was so earnest and conscientious and devoted to the honor of the university. But that, of course, was where the fun came in for "mere boys" like Preston Brown and Reddy Armstrong.

Meanwhile Jeremiah was telling the whole class about it, too, from his point of view.

"He hasn't fully made up his mind," Reddy reported, "just what he will make you all do. He has decided merely to work up popular sentiment to-day. We are to 'defer definite action pending on your decision in the matter.' It's our busy day. Have you seen us arguing with the polers?"

"Yes, I saw him even tackle Skinney about it a minute ago."

"What, the corpse itself? Oh, nice!" said Armstrong.

"At least I saw Skinney looking very much surprised and deeply affected. The old man was old-manning him hard."

"I think it's very unkind of him," remarked one of the others, "to use his great influence and strength of character to set all our dear classmates against us, so few and lonely."

"Oh, well, you know that's because he gave me another chance to confess," said Preston Brown, "but I wasn't listening to the 'voice of experience' or the 'words of reason' for a cent, though it was just after chapel and I ought to have been in a remorseful frame of mind. But I did look careworn with anxiety, all right."

"Didn't you confess this time?" asked Armstrong.

"No, it's foxier to pretend to be a brazen liar. 'Preston,' he said, 'you need not try to deceive me. You can't do it. You will only get yourself in trouble. Now own up, my boy, and let me help you.' I shook my head. 'Come now,' said he, 'what are you going to do with the thing?' I told him I hadn't acknowledged that there was anything to own up about. He stopped a minute and laughed, as if trying to conciliate me. 'That's right,' he said, 'you'd make a good witness.' Then he told me a long story about when he was on the Grand Jury out in Arizona. 'But just suppose,' he went on, 'for the sake of argument, that there is a corpse down there in that cellar while we are talking (we were near the laboratory, and so I shuddered like this), do you suppose,' he said, 'it's going to stay there, and not be missed? Don't you realize that the relatives of the deceased will discover that the grave has been tampered with? Investigation will follow, and after that discovery, as sure as the day follows night. Think of the consequences, Preston, the consequences to yourselves, to us, to the college, to your parents. Oh, think carefully, Preston, before it's too late; and, Preston, if you care to talk it over, I am always at your disposal, as you know. Good-by. Think it over.' So I moved off slowly in silence with head bowed, as one in deep thought!"

"Beautiful," said his hearers. "Beautiful!"

V

MEANWHILE the story had spread over the campus and the town. Students in groups were talking and laughing about it wherever one looked. Even the village loafers might be seen discussing it on the corner of Witherspoon Street. And the negro waiters at the clubs were afraid to cross the campus at night, notwithstanding the story said it was a fictitious corpse.

"It'll get around to him that it's a leg pull," said Preston Brown sadly; "it is too bad, but it's sure to. Some of these conscientious yaps —— "

"Suppose I go and tell him that I've discovered it's all a leg pull," said Reddy Armstrong.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, then, when he asks me how I found out I'll say innocently, 'Preston Brown told me so.' Don't you see?"

"Good. That's the stuff."

Reddy did so, and reported that the old man only smiled pityingly at him, and said: "I've already heard that rumor. It's believed by some, but they may as well know they can't put me off the scent in that way. Tell Preston Brown that I give him twenty-four hours to take that body back to its proper resting place and re-inter it before his atrocious crime is discovered. If he does not do so I will, myself. That is my ultimatum."

"Did he really say ultimatum?"

"Honestly."

"Oh, delicious."

By this time even the faculty was taking more than a passing interest. On the way across the campus they smiled understandingly at seeing little groups of undergraduates talking and grinning. And if they saw Henderson hurrying by with his brows knit as if the safety of his young classmates and the honor of the university were resting upon his shoulders they were known to have laughed outright.

Jeremiah had organized a relief expedition to return the corpse to its resting place. The question was how to get it.

VI

THE next afternoon the gang happened, by design, to be sitting under a tree by Jeremiah's open window.

Preston Brown was saying, in a voice almost trembling with emotion: "Fellows, I tell you there's no use trying to bluff it out any longer. We can't do it! As the old man says, the loss will be discovered by the widow sooner or later, then there will be the deuce to pay! I don't want to end my college course in prison."

This caused a sad silence.

"I wish we'd never touched the old grave," said one of the others mournfully. "I didn't realize the full significance of it until the old man talked to me. What do you think we ought to do — take it back, as he says?"

"And run the risk of getting caught with it in our possession?" exclaimed Preston Brown. "Never! Let's bury the darn thing here."

"Anything to get rid of it — before the detectives are put upon the case and trace it down to the laboratory," said one of the others.

"We'll bury the blamed thing in Potter's Woods this very night as soon as it's dark."

"No, wait till later."

"Nonsense — no one will pay much attention or be suspicious if we are seen carrying something about dusk —"

"The sooner the better, I say."

The gang had arisen. "All right, then," said Preston Brown, "we'll meet at ——"

But they had passed from the hearing of Jeremiah, who gazed out of the window after them, smiling knowingly.

VII

IMMEDIATELY after senior singing that evening they approached the laboratory. Most of the undergraduate body were waiting around in the neighborhood expectantly. (You see, the gang had thoughtfully decided upon this early hour for the benefit of the college.)

"By the way," called out Dougal Davis to the gang, "you may not know it, but I am one of the pickets to watch for your approach. The old man will now be informed of your expected arrival. If necessary we are to use force to prevent your fell design."

"Is that so?" laughed Preston Brown, "it must be fine to have such powers of organization." Then, turning to Ferris, the long, thin man, he said: "Skinney, skip up and get under your sheet. We'll be your pall bearers in a minute."

"That sheet smells to Heaven," said Ferris, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, this is the last time," returned the other. "All you've got to do is to lie still until we give you the signal, then — you know what to do, and — Jeremiah will do the rest."

Ferris laughed. "Well, tell Reddy no 'posterior athmoid' test this time — remember. And if Jeremiah decides to use force, as he has threatened, respect the dead, please." Then he went upstairs to stretch out upon the improvised bier he had already provided for the occasion.

"Has Jeremiah been notified of our arrival?" asked Preston Brown.

"Yes, he'll be along in a moment."

"And the fellows all know what they are to do?"

"Yep — let's get the body."

"For Heaven's sake, don't let 'em laugh and spoil it all."

"They say," one of the gang remarked on the way upstairs, "that poor old Jere is so worked up that he has been losing sleep over it."

"Yes, he has even taken counsel of the faculty, I understand. Luckily they're all on to the joke and are enjoying it, too. But he told Reddy that he had 'a friend on the faculty to whom he could go like a brother ——'"

"Yes," said Preston Brown, "he meant Newton, the new art professor. I saw the old man talking earnestly to him

(Continued on Page 20)

THE
SATURDAY
EVENING
POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company

¶ **If this is to be** the mosquito's last season on earth it has certainly been a busy one

¶ **Corn may not be king this year,** but those who have to buy it think it is a mighty good pretender

¶ **No doubt the Boers** will feel bad over the fact that they are to be banished—if they ever find it out

¶ **Coal magnates** can now look with good-natured pity on those of us who forgot to buy coal mines while they were going.

¶ **Recently yellow journalism** has turned pale. Let us hope the bleaching process will go on until it becomes white.

¶ **A larger White House** is needed, but the people take little interest in that. If they have a big President they are satisfied

¶ **When you come to take off the hats** of those who are opposed to football you are quite apt to uncover a fine lot of bald heads.

¶ **As spring approaches** in Southern countries it may be necessary to call all South American revolutions off until after the crops can be put in

¶ **A special grand jury** in New York City this autumn had thirty-five cases of homicide to investigate. In the meanwhile New York is saying a great deal about lawlessness in the South and West.

¶ **France has a national debt** of six billions of dollars, and is increasing it at the rate of a hundred millions a year This is the world's record and it strikes us as the most radiant case of financial optimism history has ever known

¶ **With Mr. Yerkes,** a North American, digging the rapid-transit tunnels under London, and M Santos-Dumont, a South American, flying in a machine above Paris, the Western Hemisphere seems to be showing the other half how to do things.

¶ **Governor Crane, of Massachusetts,** had a judge to appoint the other day, and the most of the candidates belonged to his party, but it happened that the best man recommended was a Democrat He selected the Democrat It does one good to run across a case like this, but perhaps we should remember that, with rare exceptions, American Governors have done what they could to keep party politics from the bench. With a good judiciary a free country is safe.

¶ **Agassiz could not afford** the time to make money, and science was richer in consequence. Modern laborers in the same field have better opportunities. There are big money prizes for great discoveries, and scientists compete for them instead of making their achievements known gratuitously through association meetings. This is the better way, even if it does detract from the interest and value of the scientific congresses, for when a man does a great thing he ought to have some of the reward in cash as well as full credit in fame

¶ **Giving full credit to the South's** remarkable industrial development, the fact remains that its best work is in education. More is being done than most people suppose. The Peabody fund of $3,500,000, in spite of the loss of $1,380,000 in the repudiated bonds of Mississippi and Florida, has furnished within thirty-three years nearly three millions of dollars for educating teachers for the public schools. The million dollars given by John F. Slater in 1882 for educating the negroes has increased to $1,500,000 and has done great and growing good. Of the scores of colleges and universities, Vanderbilt in Tennessee and Tulane in New Orleans have endowments of over a million dollars each, the University of Texas has $2,600,000, Washington and Lee in Virginia has nearly a million, and others have from one to seven hundred thousand. In the various collegiate institutions there are about 30,000 students. Add to all these figures the 5,000,000 pupils enrolled in the public schools, and the showing becomes impressive. Here is not only the hope but the assurance of the South's progress and prosperity

Culture and Success

MORE light on the question whether higher education is a hindrance to success in life is furnished by the latest edition of a biographical dictionary that includes practically everybody in America who is known outside of his own block In this hospitable Hall of Fame are found the names of 11,551 persons, of whom 9760 furnished details about their education. Of these 4521 are graduates of American colleges and universities, 289 are graduates of West Point and Annapolis, 965 attended college without graduating, 366 were educated abroad, and 2050 are graduates of medical, scientific, theological and law schools. Thus 8200 out of 9760 persons, or 84 per cent. of the whole, have had some sort of higher education. In addition, 282 were privately educated, their training in many cases reaching collegiate grade, and 1249 were trained in academies, seminaries, normal schools and high schools. That leaves only 315 out of 9760, or 3 per cent with no more than the common-school education which some gentlemen of note think all that is good for a business man

The people with college, or even high-school training constitute a very small percentage of the population of this country. Yet it appears that they furnish 97 per cent. of the men and women successful enough to have attracted any sort of public attention. Among the vast little-educated majority who furnish the other 3 per cent. there are doubtless nearly or quite as many persons of ability, proportionately, as among the small minority of higher training. If education were merely ineffective, not to say harmful, this great majority should swamp the minority in the lists of successful men. That its contribution to the total is scarcely perceptible looks like pretty conclusive evidence that higher education gives a man some advantages that he would not have without it

Colleges are not primarily designed to teach a man to make money but they teach him to measure his mental powers and make the most of them. When he turns his disciplined faculties in the direction of money making he is more likely to succeed than if his mind were untrained. College men have learned to test all things and hold fast that which is good. They are not likely to be deceived by transparent swindles. They do not furnish many customers for gold bricks or green goods. They do not waste time in hunting perpetual motion. They do not patronize 500 per cent. "get-rich-quick" syndicates. In short, they have learned how to see things as they are, to avoid mirages, and to take advantage of genuine opportunities.

And of course there are other kinds of success infinitely higher than money-making. In attaining these an academic training is of incalculable advantage. Poets may be born, not made, but making has a great deal to do with other forms of intellectual distinction. Mr Roosevelt might possibly have reached the Presidency if he had never gone to Harvard, but he would have had to get along without a good many of his other varied titles to fame

* * *

Now come the melancholy mornings when many are called but few get up

The Vice-Presidency

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is the fifth Vice President to succeed to the Chief Magistracy by the death of the elected President If he lives to complete his term the Presidency will have been administered by men attaining it through such substitution for nearly eighteen out of the 116 years of our constitutional history In other words, there are fifteen chances out of a hundred that in any given time the Government may be in the hands of a Vice President

In reality the chances are much greater. No President died in office before 1841. Of the sixty-four years from that time to 1905, Vice-Presidential administrations will have covered nearly eighteen, or over 27 per cent. The proportion will have been almost precisely the same for the forty years from 1865 to 1905, and will have been over 29 per cent for the twenty-four years beginning with 1881

That is to say, when we elect a Vice-President we ought to do so with an eye to the fact that there is at least one chance in four that we are electing a President

Under the system in vogue in the early years of the Republic statesmen of Presidential grade were elected to the Vice Presidency. John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton were all Vice-Presidents. About the time when it began to seem unnecessary to treat the Vice-Presidency seriously, and the office began to be treated as a consolation prize for small calibred "favorite sons," the Presidents began to die in office, and the Vice-Presidency began to to fill the great function which had been designed for it by the framers of the Constitution.

Of the five Vice Presidents who have succeeded to the Presidency since 1840, Mr Roosevelt is the only one, with the possible exception of Fillmore, whose accession has not caused a shock of surprise and disappointment. Mr Roosevelt is recognized on all sides as a man of Presidential calibre. He was a leading candidate for the next nomination before the dreadful event which prematurely placed the office in his hands. But Arthur, although, as it turned out, he made an excellent President, would never have been considered seriously for that position in advance, and nobody would have thought of nominating Tyler or Johnson for the second place if his accession to the first had been regarded as likely

It is quite time that the good example set by the nomination of Roosevelt should be generally followed. If we are to have accidental Presidents a quarter of the time there is no reason why they should be of inferior quality to those who administer the Government for the other three quarters. Let us cease to regard the Vice-Presidency as an office that anybody can consider it beneath his dignity to fill. The greatest statesman we can produce need not regard himself as belittled by accepting a place that has been held by Adams and Jefferson, and that has given five out of its last sixteen holders the control of the Government.

* * *

With the women the really important fall elections are all ties—and the clergymen fix the knots

The Man and the Machine

THIS is an age of automatic devices. There is an ever increasing tendency toward the elimination of the human factor from all possible problems. Little more than a century ago a boy stood by the cylinder of the engine and opened the escape-valve after every stroke of the piston. Then some one discovered that the opening and closing of the valve could be made automatic. This not only did away with the need for a boy but served the purpose much better, for the boy might forget or delay or move too soon or not soon enough, while the machine never made a mistake.

Right here is the value of the automatic arrangement It is to be trusted. The banker is never quite certain that his cashier will not betray him, but the automatic time lock is to be trusted to a finish. The tradesman may make a mistake in giving change, but the automatic register does not. Railroads once left the manipulation of switches and signals to their telegraph operators. Now and then one would go to sleep or delay or forget, and when he did something undesirable happened. Hence the railroads adopted the automatic arrangements now in use. The automatic switch is never open at the wrong time, and the automatic signal never says "Safe" when it should say "Danger"

Mathematically speaking, the reliability of any system of enterprise varies inversely as the human element involved, or directly as the mechanical element Here lies the difficulty of conducting a government or an army or a large business It is all human. The parts will persist in acting differently and less accurately than do those of a machine.

It is probable that more senseless things are said over defects in government arising from the imperfections of human service than over almost any other one thing. From blaming this official or that we come gradually to blame the whole lot. And since this element of human uncertainty is in any given number of persons a constant quantity—something that may be counted on as surely as the death calculation of an insurance company—our railing at officials in general is railing at humanity, and that is very unphilosophical. Then, too, we suggest all sorts of senseless expedients in the way of laws for the improvement of the departments of government and of the branches of politics. Some men's minds are built on geometric principles. They would have everything done by law. They would have laws not only for keeping the public in the way of righteousness but for making the officials enforce those that exist. The failure of all such propositions is due to the fact that those lines of activity must be carried out, not by machines which act automatically, but by men who never act just alike and seldom quite normally

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

How Peary is to Reach the Pole

By Herbert L. Bridgman

Secretary of the Peary Arctic Club

WE LEFT Lieutenant Peary near Cape Sabine, on the east coast of Grinnell Land, on Thursday, August 29. He was in splendid spirits and perfect physical condition. He had his party thoroughly in hand. He had behind him ten years' experience. Altogether the situation was such that we can safely predict that Mr. Peary will reach the North Pole within the year. All the conditions are in his favor. There is every reason to believe that he will succeed where every one else has failed. He will make the start with the first appearance of the long day next March. His time, in the meanwhile, will be occupied in completing his preparations in every detail. He already has these preparations in the most excellent shape. Unlike the other Arctic explorers who have reached out for the Pole, Peary will trust entirely to walking. The only other man who did this was Nansen, and that only for a little way after leaving his ship, and he came to grief because he was not properly prepared for the journey.

Peary is accumulating large stores of meat for dogs, the backbone of any expedition that is to succeed. He already has one hundred tons of walrus cached, and will add to his store materially before he starts. His outfit will include between sixty and seventy dogs. To support these dogs requires two and a half pounds of meat a day, and in making calculations it is not only necessary to carry meat enough to feed the dogs going, but also to bring them back. On the return trip the dogs will, if necessary, gradually be killed off and fed to their remaining fellows, so that the expedition upon its return will be burdened with comparatively few sledges.

There are many reasons why we feel confident that Lieutenant Peary will make a success of his expedition. In the first place, as I have said, he has ten years' experience behind him. This is an invaluable asset, particularly to a man of the Lieutenant's disposition. Just before parting from his wife he said to her:

"If I had only known ten years ago what I know now this thing would have been over long ago."

What he meant was that the knowledge he now possesses makes the task a comparatively easy one.

Another factor that is going to have a strong bearing is Peary's superb mental and physical condition. The outdoor life that he has led in the bracing cold of the North has built up for him a system that was the envy of all of us who saw him. He is as hard as nails and as superior to physical tests from the standpoint of the ordinary man as can well be imagined. Every other man who has attempted to explore the Arctic regions has suffered more or less from exposure, has been dependent upon huts or other artificial shelter. Without such shelter these men would have frozen to death. Peary, on the other hand, has so hardened himself that he lived much of last winter in the field, his only protection against the weather having been snow igloos.

Again, Peary is in thorough touch and sympathy with the natives, something no other white man has ever accomplished. He knows them like a book, and they know him and respect him thoroughly. He has but to crook his finger and they fly to do his bidding. He is their complete master, and at the same time their good friend. Their relations are ideal so far as discipline and results are concerned. In the opinion of all men who know anything about the subject nothing is more essential to success in reaching the Pole than the good will and coöperation of the natives. With this assured, half the battle is won. They are hardened to the climatic conditions, and, properly led, are fearless. The long Arctic night, which appals the heart of the stoutest white man, leaves them absolutely unimpressed.

There are only comparatively few of these natives—the Highland Eskimos. The last census showed, I believe, a total of only 245. They are scattered in small settlements and are generally on the move. They remain in one spot only long enough to exhaust the hunting and fishing, and then they seek another location. Some of the settlements consist of only one family; say, a man and his wife and two or three children. Not any of the families are large. One reason there are so few natives is that, periodically, they seem to be visited by some epidemic which sweeps a considerable number away. Ten years ago there was such an epidemic. At that time over twenty per cent. of them died from pneumonia. As a general thing, however, the natives are very hardy and capable of enduring any amount of fatigue. Mr. Peary, realizing this, has determined to work entirely with their aid, dispensing with the white men. His party consists at present of about ten. Included in it are his white cook and steward and his colored man, Henson. All the others are natives. When he starts for the Pole he will probably take four or five of the natives along.

His camp at present is on the west side of Smith's Sound, about ten miles from Cape Sabine. He has before him at the start a clear and well-defined road of about 250 miles to Fort Conger. From there he has another good road to Cape Hecla, 150 miles farther north. From Hecla he will steer straight for the Pole, following the light north and traveling steadily. By starting as he does this time he avoids two crossings over the ice that were made necessary when he made the attempt before. These crossings were over Smith's Sound and Robeson Channel. As the ice at these places is liable at any time to prove untrustworthy and dangerous, the advantage in being able to avoid them is manifest. With fair success, the journey from Hecla to the Pole ought to be made in from five to six weeks.

There are many persons who seem to think that if one could only get to the Pole a unique physical condition would be found there. As a matter of fact, if unusual physical phenomena are absent anywhere they are probably absent at the North Pole. Mr. Peary, one day at dinner, discussed this point, saying that he expected, if he reached the Pole, to find absolutely no evidence to the senses of that fact.

If all goes well we ought to be able to bring Mr. Peary back early next fall.

How Wall Street Averts Panics

By Henry Clews

WHEN the first shock caused by the shooting of President McKinley had spent itself on the community, the next thought in the minds of almost all business men was the effect that the event would have on our industrial situation. No man who ever occupied the Presidential chair had at once the love of the people and the confidence of the community to such an extent as had Mr. McKinley. It was under his administration that we made our greatest strides industrially, and his life was so bound up in the minds of our business men with our prosperity and success that the news of his probable killing meant to the minds of most people an end to the era of good fortune which we had all enjoyed. The shooting occurred shortly after four o'clock on Friday, September 6. I was on my way to Saratoga, and received the news in Albany. Instantly I changed my plans and returned to New York. With the other men who had known and admired Mr. McKinley, I was at first too utterly dazed and shocked to think of anything except the horrible attempt that had been made on his life. Then, as the news grew brighter and we were told that he would probably live, there was a lifting of the gloom, and, naturally, we turned to see what the effect would be on business.

President Roosevelt

[illegible]

That night there occurred a meeting at the Hotel Buckingham, in New York City, that was full of dramatic interest, and that showed how thoroughly the business of the country is under the control of our big financiers. It was also a splendid exposition of the method employed by the men representing the big industrial interests of the country to prevent business going to smash in the face of a calamity, no matter how great. All great business and industrial panics invariably manifest themselves first in Wall Street, which, as the financial centre of the country, is its business pulse. This pulse goes up or down accordingly as the business of the nation is affected. Realizing this, the men in control in Wall Street have organized the system out of which the meeting in the Hotel Buckingham grew.

When Garfield died this system had already been inaugurated, but so imperfectly that, instead of mending matters, it only made them worse. At the time Mr. Garfield was attacked the country was in an inflated condition, values were way above the normal, and our industrial position was largely artificial and unsubstantial. The scare caused by the attack on him caused enormous liquidation of stock holdings, and there ensued a panic that ruined hundreds of thousands of men, not alone speculators but solid, substantial, business men. With our larger interests now, and our enterprises extended vastly beyond anything deemed possible in the time of Garfield, we passed through the crisis of the attack on President McKinley with comparatively little business trouble. Wall Street, for half a day, was tremendously agitated, but so solid was the system behind it that the trouble passed over with scarcely a flutter.

This system is unique. Its like is not to be found anywhere else in the world. As soon as a great calamity that may affect the business interests of the community manifests itself, such as the shooting of President McKinley, a call is issued, by the Clearing House Committee of the New York Banks, for a meeting. Such a call went out before seven o'clock on the day Mr. McKinley was shot, and by nine that evening there were present at the Hotel Buckingham, on Fifth Avenue, the presidents of all the important banks in the city, and, also, the heads of many of the big private banking houses. The call had been issued by the Chairman of the Clearing House Committee under power vested in him for that purpose. The situation was thoroughly discussed, and a resolution was adopted under which the banks agreed to lend all the money that might be demanded at not to exceed the rate of six per cent. The private banking houses agreed to stand under the properties in which they were specially interested, and the banks promised to support them by furnishing such cash accommodation as they might absolutely need. In addition, the Clearing House banks resolved to send loan brokers into the open market to offer loans at the lowest current market rates. It was agreed that, to meet any emergency that might arise, and to prevent any shortage in cash, the associated banks would issue Clearing House certificates to any amount. These certificates would be considered as so much cash, thereby enormously increasing the volume of money at command. Of course, for every loan made, good current security was to be exacted, and no bank would loan more than 80 per cent. of the actual market value of the securities. The Clearing House certificates, too, if issued, would be issued on the basis of stock and bond security, furnished by the bank making the application for the certificates.

Saturday being a half holiday, with only two hours' trading on the Exchange, and all the loans needed having been provided for in advance for that day, no effort was made to influence the market. On Monday, however, the banks sent loan brokers out with instructions to offer any amount of money to the brokerage houses on stock securities. At the same time all the private banking houses and great capitalists had special representatives on the floor of the Stock Exchange, ready to take up all the stocks offered of their special line at the market rates. J. P. Morgan & Co., the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts, and all the others were represented by from a half dozen to a dozen brokers, all armed with unlimited buying orders. These tactics kept the market absolutely steady.

Wall Street is being constantly abused and vilified. This one exhibition of what Wall Street can do to save the country from disaster ought to be an object lesson that the unthinking would heed; for, had the conditions been left to themselves unsupported, there is not a business man or working man in America who would not have felt the effect.

At the time of the shooting of Garfield, and especially in the 1873 panic, a system somewhat similar was tried. But the banks, instead of going into the business without restrictions, simply announced their readiness to issue ten million dollars of Clearing House certificates. These were snapped up almost in a minute, and then a number of institutions sent word that, unless they could get more certificates, they would be seriously embarrassed. As a result of this appeal another ten million was issued. But even that had little or no effect, except that it accentuated the panic. When the people learned that this last ten million was all that was to be had, the scramble to throw properties overboard was beyond control.

The banks, profiting by that experience, now in times of panic always come out with their offer to issue certificates without limit to an amount which insures relief to all who have acceptable collaterals to put up. It was the fact of this general knowledge prevailing in Wall Street and the sound condition which the business of the country was in that made all the markets steady, and carried the country safely through the great crisis growing out of the assassination of President McKinley without a serious upheaval occurring.

Reclaiming of Steel Scrap

STEEL is the talisman of modern industrial achievement. It is the one thing necessary in the production of almost every article in modern daily use, whether it be a twenty-ton steamship or a lady's watch. Without steel that wonderful bridge in India, 2200 feet long, spanning a chasm five hundred feet deep, described in the September *World's Work*, could not have been built. No other material could stand the strain put upon it. The new East River bridge, now building in New York, is practically all steel; its tall towers are marvels of grace and lightness, yet they are capable of bearing a stupendous weight. The Brooklyn bridge, just a little below it, with its massive stone towers, allows a comparison that is very impressive. The famous old cup winner "America" recently sailed in the New York Yacht Club cruise in company with the stars of the yachting world, "Constitution" and "Columbia," yet the "America" has become merely a curiosity as a racing boat, while the Herreshoff creations are the embodiment of speed afloat. The new cup defenders could not be built if it were not for steel: steel frames, steel spars, steel rigging; their very existence is dependent on this all-pervasive material.

A HEAP OF SCRAP STEEL
THE MATERIAL FROM WHICH "JUPITER STEEL" IS MADE

It can be truthfully said that the nations producing the greatest amount of steel are to be reckoned as the greatest industrial world powers.

It is the commonly accepted idea that unless steel is forged, hammered into shape, or rolled, it has little more strength than cast iron. The common cast steel is more brittle than the forged product, and cannot be used where it is called upon to bear a great tension. It has remained for H. B. Whall and A. B. Lundin to discover a method by which scrap or waste steel can be cast and still have all the qualities of the forged product. The United States Steel Company owns all the rights of this new invention and at their plant in Everett, Mass., make "Jupiter Steel," as they call their new product, for an infinite variety of uses.

The United States Government, than whom there is no more exacting customer in this country, if not in the world, will have for its new battleships "Rhode Island" and "New Jersey" steel castings made of Jupiter Steel weighing forty-three tons (86,000 pounds) each. The Fore River Ship and Engine Company have the contract for these new battleships and have already given the order for the immense castings. This is simply a single example of the uses to which "Jupiter Steel" is applicable. The same steel which can be produced cheaply enough to be used for a forty-ton casting in a battleship may be used, when treated in practically the same way, for tools requiring a very fine edge; such as a carpenter's chisel, or one hard enough to cut other steel, like a cold chisel. "Jupiter Steel," cheap enough to be used for a two-ton fly-wheel, can be and is also used to take the place of tool steel, which costs from nine to fourteen cents a pound.

Forging, which is only a shorter word for hammering into shape, requires by the very nature of the process much time and skillful handling to produce a perfect result. In forging the metal is squeezed into shape, either by repeated blows of a hammer or through hydraulic pressure. If the former process is used, great pains are taken and much time is lost; if the latter, very expensive dies are necessary to shape the metal while it is in its semi-fluid state.

The molten "Jupiter Steel" is run into a mould made out of sand by a wooden pattern, and when it has cooled the piece is ready for the finishers.

There is no comparison between the two processes when the trouble and expense are considered; the quality of the two products are the same. Capable of bearing a strain of 73,000 pounds to the inch (Government test), "Jupiter Steel" may be depended upon to stand any stress upon it.

The manufacturers of New England, and the number is legion, have learned that there is no need to send to far Pennsylvania for steel forgings to replace broken parts, to hold their machinery idle many days while an expensive forging is hammered out. The United States Steel Company's plant is at their very doors, where a casting of "Jupiter Steel" may be made in a few hours at half the cost and delivered at the disabled factory 48 or 50 hours after the pattern has been sent out.

Among the seven hundred customers on the United States Steel Company's books the greater majority are New England manufacturers, and the immense advantage of the factory's location within one to six hours' journey of the large consumers of its products will be at once apparent.

"Jupiter Steel" is not made up of absolutely new material, but refines and regenerates, as it were, scrap steel that has outlived its usefulness. By this process of alchemy a worn-out boiler plate or a broken fly-wheel becomes keen-edged axes or swiftly-moving steamboat walking beams and begin again an important existence. The manufacturers from whom scrap steel is bought receive it again as tools, shafting and machinery. For the first time supply and demand are brought close together in this respect in New England. So successful has the venture proved that the United States Steel Company have found it necessary to increase their plant fifty per cent. The enlarged plant will enable them to develop the Neal Duplex Brake; a power brake, the patents of which they control absolutely. Applicable to any car, occupying but four inches of axle space and operated entirely by the force generated by the motion of the car, under absolute and immediate control of the motorman but not dependent on his muscular force, the Neal Duplex Brake is sure to be in great demand for use on the modern, heavy, double and quadruple motor electric car.

The power being controlled by and attached to the present brake handle and brake staff gives him absolute control of the car in one handle, and it can be stopped without jar almost instantly. It is in daily use on the cars of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, the Worcester Consolidated Street Railway Company, the Lynn and Boston Street Railway Company, and the Fitchburg Street Railway Company, and has proved its efficiency and effectiveness. All parts requiring strength are made of "Jupiter Steel." It is evident that there is much profit in an alliance such as this, the patented article for which there is a large and increasing demand, controlled by the company that produces the material from which it is made.

One of the chief virtues of the Neal Duplex Brake is its absolute reliability in an emergency. The traffic on the Brighton Beach line of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit is terrific. At the point shown in the picture the electric tracks join with those used by the steam road and, according to rule, all cars make a full stop while descending the steep grade until the steam track is clear. A short time ago at this very place a heavily loaded car fitted with the ordinary brake could not be held on the grade and was derailed by a passing steam train. During the daily runs subjected to all the tests of actual service for six weeks on this same section (one of the busiest of the Brooklyn system) the Neal Duplex Brake has never failed in the least, the motorman having absolute control at all times.

The United States Steel Company was organized in September, 1899, and since December, 1899, it has paid quarterly dividends at the rate of twelve per cent per annum. Full advantage cannot be taken of the company's opportunities because of limited facilities to handle the rapidly increasing business and to manufacture the Neal Duplex Brake, over which they have absolute control.

A BROOKLYN RAPID TRANSIT CAR EQUIPPED WITH THE NEAL DUPLEX BRAKE ON ITS WAY TO BRIGHTON BEACH

Ground has already been broken for an addition to the buildings amounting to fifty per cent of the present plant.

Since the first of the articles on "Jupiter Steel" was published in May of this year, the business has grown greatly and the plant has been found inadequate in consequence. Investors have subscribed very largely, and the reorders prove that the business men who have bought stock found the venture profitable.

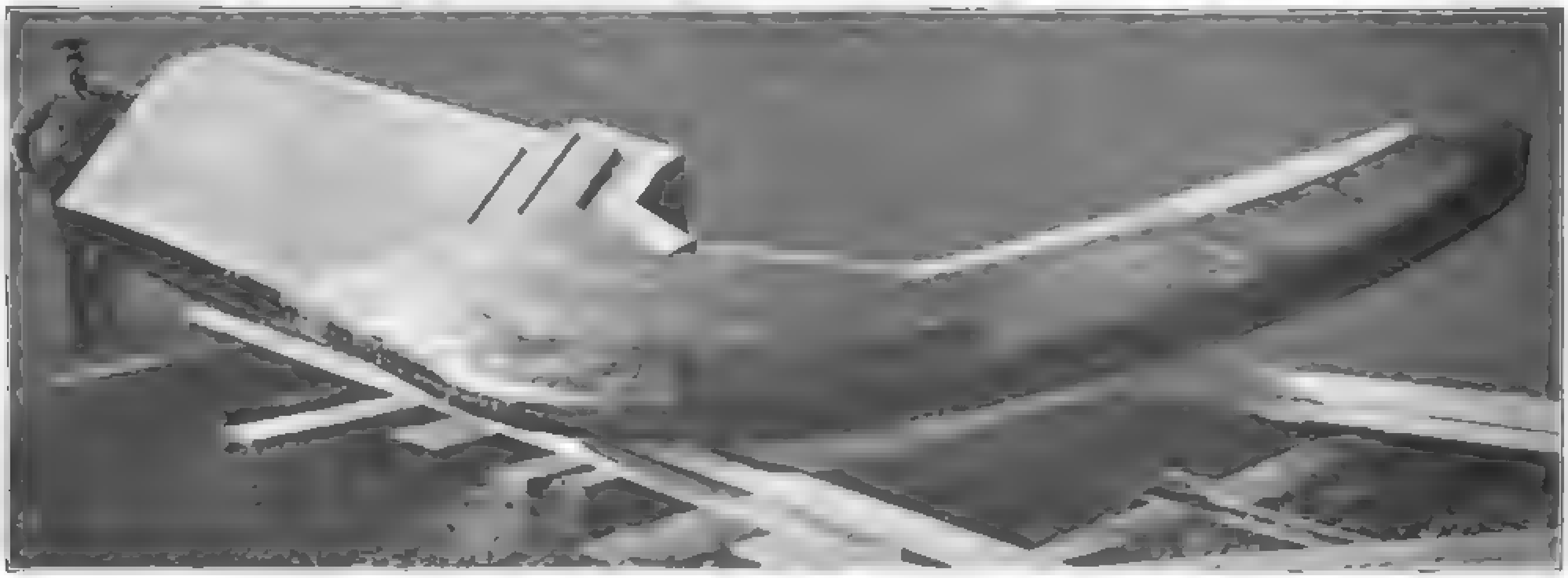
The directors have therefore decided to sell a block of treasury stock at its par value of five dollars per share to provide the working capital for the manufacture of the brakes and increase the casting output of the present plant. In this connection it should be stated that the company has paid quarterly dividends at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum on its stock since December, 1899. With the facilities provided for the manufacture of the Duplex brakes these dividends can be increased. The company's stock capitalization is 600,000 shares of a par value of five dollars per share.

At Everett the company owns seventy-four acres of land having both rail and water facilities. On this land a modern plant, 200 x 230 feet, has been built, provided with electric cranes, furnaces, drying ovens, gas producers, boilers, engines, dynamos, sand blast, crucible plant, offices, etc.

A cordial invitation to inspect the plant at Everett is extended to all who are looking for a safe and legitimate investment. Those who cannot do this will have any information desired sent to them promptly upon application to the Boston office.

UNITED STATES STEEL CO., 155 Oliver Street, BOSTON

The United States Steel Company, organized in September, 1899, has no connection with the United States Steel Corporation, which was incorporated in February, 1901



THE FORTY-THREE TON CASTING FOR THE BATTLESHIPS RHODE ISLAND AND NEW JERSEY

Men & Women of the Hour

The Fright of Royce's Class

Professor [illegible] Royce

DR. JOSIAH ROYCE, Professor of the History of Philosophy at Harvard University, began his academic career as instructor in the University of California when he was twenty-three years of age. He was immensely popular with his classes, but they couldn't master the temptation to have fun at his expense.

One year on the first day of the examination of students for matriculation a junior entered a room in which a number of students awaited Professor Royce's examinations in English, and said:

"There is a queer genius around here who delights in playing pranks on freshmen. He'll come into this room in all probability, and, pretending to be an examiner, will write a lot of stiff questions on the blackboard just to have the fun of seeing ingenuous youth sweat over them. He's a short fellow with an enormous head, fiery hair, wears a flapping, baggy coat, and short trousers."

There were murmurs of delight over the friendly pointer they had received, and the treacherous junior then withdrew. Presently Professor Royce, in some degree answering to the description given by the irreverent student, appeared and proceeded to fill the board with pertinent questions touching English literature. He had not addressed a word to the class, and, finishing his work, he stepped to the desk and was about to plunge into a mass of papers there when a youth boldly marched to the blackboard and wiped out the Professor's carefully written work.

Professor Royce watched him quizzically. The young man, having finished his labor of destruction, turned to Professor Royce and said: "You may play that trick on greener people, but it won't go here."

At this juncture the Dean of the Faculty came in. The students knew him, and when they saw him approach the little man and greet him by name their consternation was great.

Professor Royce saw that they had been imposed upon by some fun-loving student, and, without a word or an expression of resentment, he went back and reproduced the writing. His graciousness won them and was the beginning of a singularly strong attachment.

There is a Philosophical Society of some distinction at Berkeley. Every year the works of some one philosopher are studied and discussed, and at the end of the season the author is sent for and royally entertained at the society's expense. One year Doctor Royce's books were the basis of their researches, and when he came to be their guest, and to address them, all the scientific and literary organizations of California combined to do him honor. His final lecture was a summing up of his work on The Conception of Immortality. At the close of his address some questions were asked and answered. Mr. Edwin Markham said that he would like to hear from the philosopher as to the mental processes that prompted him to write that particular book.

"It is a very simple story," replied Doctor Royce. "I wrote The Conception of Immortality to get rid of the ideas."

A Belated Concert

Madame Nordica and her husband, Mr. Zoltan Domé, were spending the past summer in a little village in the Black Forest. For six weeks in summer the hotel is full, but the guests during this particular season had no great love for music.

One day some strolling musicians announced a concert, but when they took their places in readiness an audience of only two, besides Madame Nordica and Mr. Domé, put in an appearance. Fifteen minutes passed in waiting and then Mr. Domé disappeared.

In half an hour a procession was seen coming up the street; he had awakened the villagers, and on the strength of an invitation to be his guests they dressed themselves and came to the concert, which as a result was begun by the comforted musicians at about the hour it should have ended.

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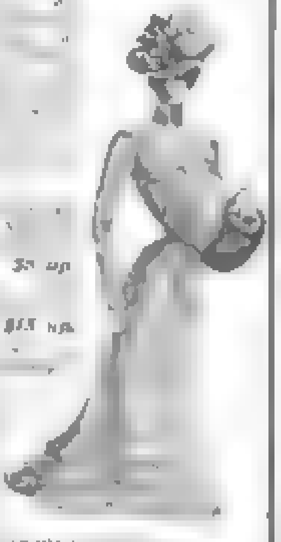

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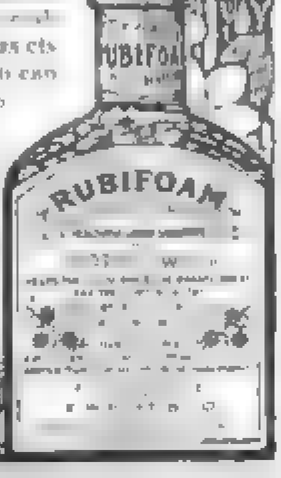

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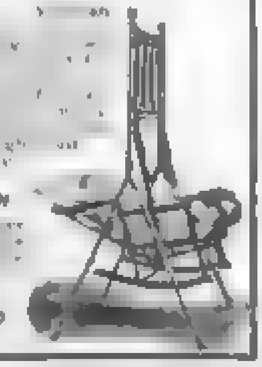

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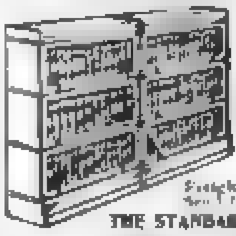

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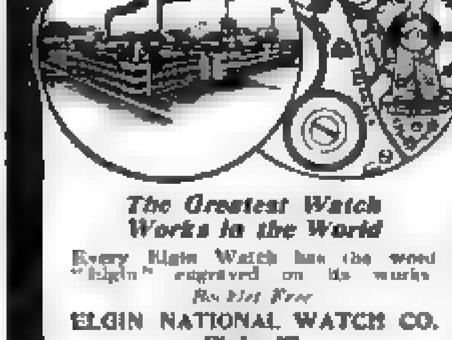

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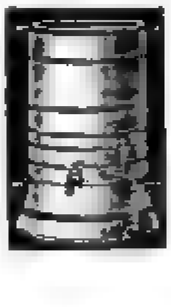

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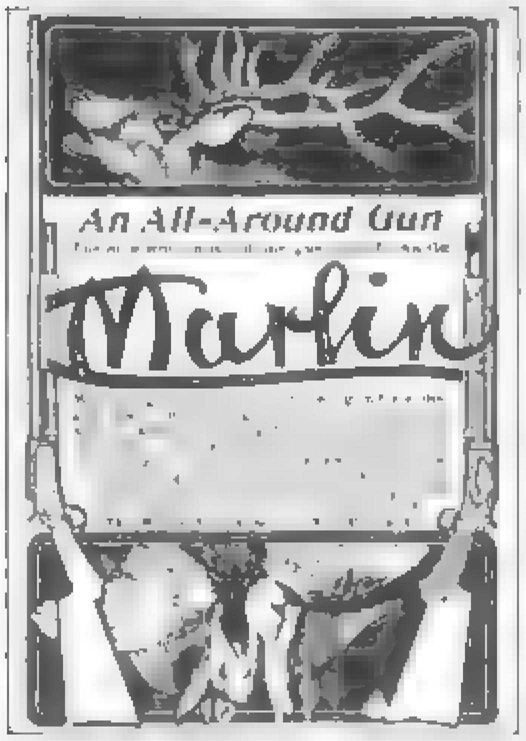

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LEG PULL

By Jesse Lynch Williams

(Continued from Page 11)

to-day, standing there beside one of those papier-mâché Apollos that the fool freshmen are always stealing — heard him say 'They are only boys, they don't mean any harm.'"

"'Here he comes a-running!'" cried one of those below to those climbing the stairs.

"All right — we'll be down with it as fast as we can" — and presently they reappeared bearing in silence the white-shrouded figure, which caught the gleam of a distant street light.

And here was Jeremiah, confronting them at the threshold, with arms folded across his chest, a sarcastic smile on his face. The plotters pretended to be much taken aback at being caught in the act.

"So," he began, looking them over, one by one — "So there wasn't anything in the laboratory, Preston? It was all a leg pull on the old man, was it? You thought you could deceive me, did you?" Then, changing his tone to one of distress: "I wish to Heaven I were mistaken." Then, again changing his tone to one of command, and raising his hand impressively, he said: "Now, boys, this thing has got to stop right here — right now!"

Some one in the rear whispered: "Are we to 'use force' now?"

"No, Reddy says Jeremiah desires to win us by the arts of peace if possible."

The pall-bearers were edging forward little by little, and Jeremiah was walking backward before them.

"Boys, what do you propose to do with that thing?" he asked temporizingly.

No answer.

"Are you going to return it to its proper and lawful resting-place?"

Still no answer. Jeremiah was walking backward a little faster now.

"I know what you propose to do. I am acquainted with your whole nefarious plot. But you shall not succeed!"

("He's gradually getting worked up," the crowd whispered.)

The sullen, silent pall-bearers looked grim and defiant. And they kept marching on. The undergraduate horde brought up the rear, quiet and expectant.

"Will you, Preston Brown, answer my question? What good will it do you to bury that thing in the woods?"

Without looking up Preston muttered: "It's a white elephant, Jere, we want to get rid of it. Don't interfere with us, 'Old Man.'"

"You can't get rid of it," said Jere with simple earnestness. "Even if you could hide it effectually," he went on, "you cannot be rid of your responsibility! Why, think, boys, was that not once a fellow human being?" ("Do you hear that, Skinney?" one of the rear pall-bearers whispered.) "You have taken this poor body, wrenched it from the grave in which it had been intrusted by a loving wife, and little children, perhaps, and now, having had your fun out of it, you are going to drag it off to the woods, like a dead horse, bury it in the public woods, where dogs may come and scratch it up, this way!" Jere showed them with his hands how dogs scratch things up, and one of the leading pall-bearers no longer able to hold in, laughed aloud.

"For shame!" thundered Jere. "You think this is a laughing matter? You will wish you had not laughed — mark my words." And then he launched out upon a really remarkable flight of oratory, showing the folly of their proposed action, the certainty of detection, and the awfulness of the penalty, concluding by pleading and beseeching in the name of humanity, in the name of honor, and most of all for the fair name of the university, to stop before it was too late. At the end of his peroration he was standing before the bier with both hands raised in supplication.

"Curfew shall not ring to-night," whispered one of the seniors in the background, but they were all somewhat impressed with the oratory that had been displayed. They had not known him capable of it.

"Finally, for the last time," he cried in a tremulous voice, "will you turn back, or must we force you back?" He beckoned excitedly to the crowd to close in about the bier. Many of them did so. The cavalcade stopped abruptly.

"What a pitiful ass he's making of himself," said one senior in the background to another. "Yes," was the reply, "he'll never get over it, like that fellow in ——"

"Seize them!" Jere commanded shrilly

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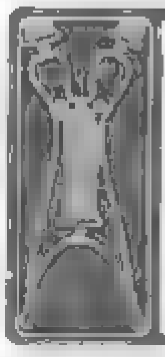

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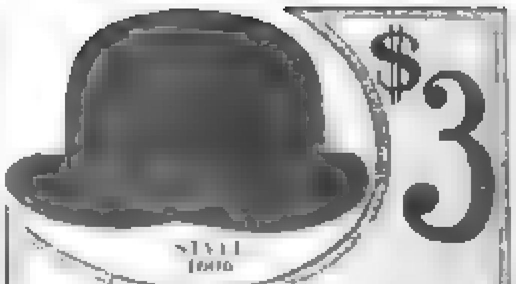

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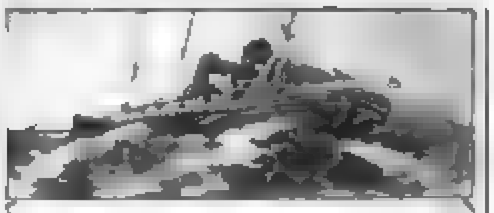

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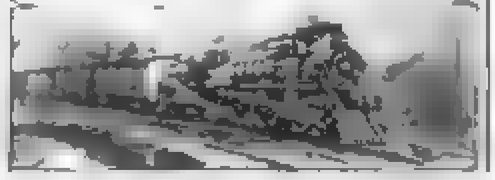

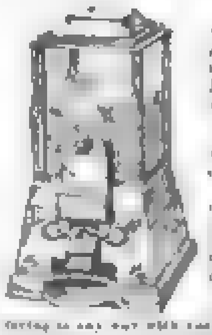

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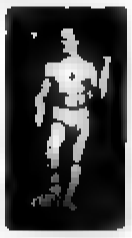

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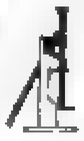

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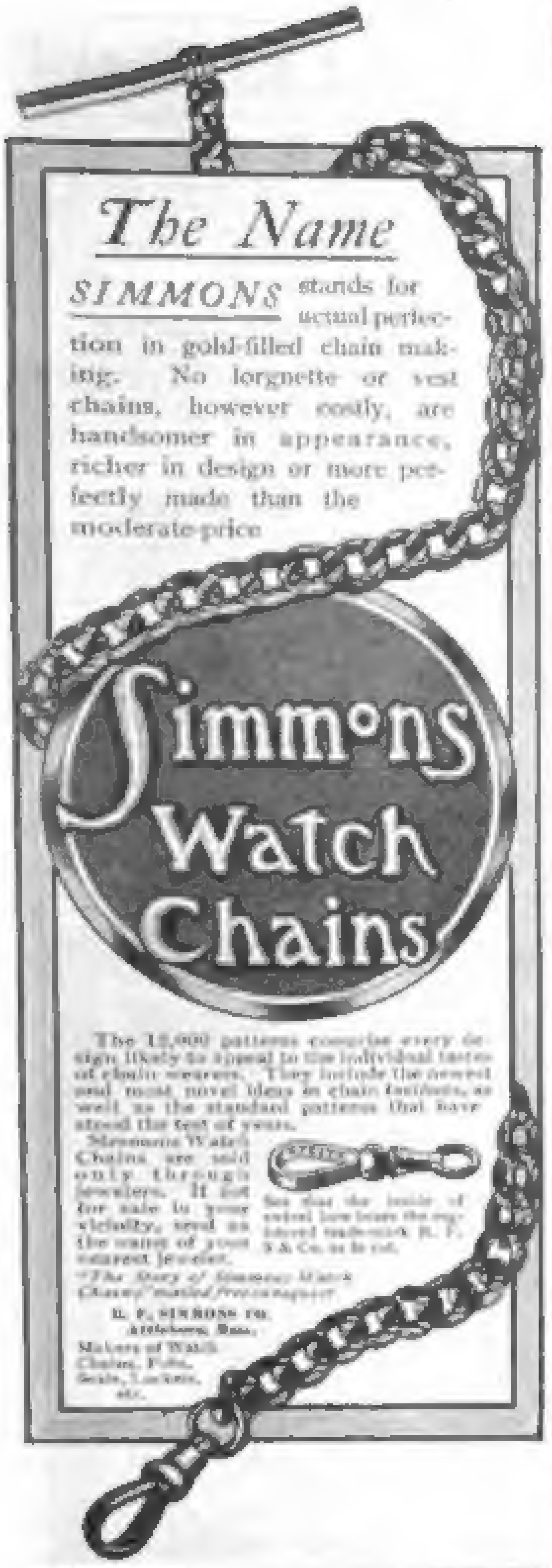
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Some of the crowd rushed toward the pall-bearers like the charging foe in battle-scenes on the stage.

"Hold on!" shouted Preston Brown. "Of course you outnumber us, but if you want to take the thing back you've got to carry it yourselves." And he offered his place to Jeremiah, who came forward to take it.

Now this was the signal for Ferris to jump up and yell "Leg pull!" in Jeremiah's face. But he did not do it. Preston, thinking he had forgotten, leaned over and pulled back the sheet, yelling as he did so: "Leg pull!—leg pull!" Some of the crowd joined in, but suddenly stopped. For they saw Preston start back in amazement.

Ferris did not jump up. Ferris was not there. There was light enough to see that, instead of a man, one of Professor Newton's papier-mâché figures was stretched out upon the bier.

"For Heaven's sake!" some one exclaimed in the crowd, which was strangely silent for such a good-sized crowd.

Just then a quiet, professional voice was heard to remark: "I am glad to discover the thieves at last, but I had not expected to find upper-classmen descending to such puerile freshman tricks." Professor Newton had edged his way into the centre of the crowd. He was followed by four special policemen from Trenton.

"Shall we arrest them, sir?" the sergeant asked.

"No, officer; spare them," cried Jeremiah Henderson. "They are only boys—it is merely what they call a leg pull."

Then he broke down with laughter, Professor Newton joining in.

The crowd turned to Jeremiah in silent amazement.

"What did you get us up here for, then?" growled the sergeant. "This don't seem to be a laughing matter."

"No," said Jere, "they don't seem to be enjoying it," looking around at the crowd; "but this is the way they get their fun. They'll probably settle your bill—for the enjoyment of their leg pull. Preston, I warned you not to try to deceive me. Billy, I told you you'd stop laughing, but—oh, my! I don't believe I'll ever stop," and again he laughed loud and all alone.

The crowd were now beginning to understand. They were explaining to each other. Some of them shouted "leg pull" as they moved away talking about it.

But the pall-bearers did not join in. They had found Skinney Ferris, and were demanding an explanation. "Oh, don't get so hot," said Ferris, grinning; "it isn't so much fun to pull one leg as it is to pull several hundred. The old man got on to me the time he stuck me. And we thought it was a shame to spoil the fun for the whole college. You fellows will feel better to-morrow."

I may add, however, that Jeremiah profited by the hint contained in their attempt upon him, so that it was just as well, perhaps, that it happened as it did. But it annoyed Preston Brown to be called "the corpse."

◆

Roosevelt, Harvard '80

By Owen Wister

(Concluded from Page 3)

why he should be inferior to those whose condition is less fortunate. I should suppose that education and enlightenment and good bringing-up would be things in his favor, rather than things against him. Nevertheless I will not be so one-sided as to lay the blame of this imbecile prejudice against gentlemen entirely upon the demagogue. I have seen too many gentlemen who thought themselves too good to go into politics. I count among my acquaintances strong, healthy, well-dressed, educated men, who would rather sit on the decks of yachts, or drink champagne in London and Paris, than lift a finger for their country. They are of slight credit to their species. No other land that history has yet recorded numbers so many people having both the leisure and the equipment to be of use in the Commonwealth who yet frivolously wash their hands of all concern in their country's welfare. I believe that their numbers are growing less than they were twenty years ago. I think the time is coming when we shall see such people feel it their duty to help manage the Ship of State. If this hope of mine comes true, it will be partly because Theodore Roosevelt has blazed the trail. As he sits in the White House, let all young college boys think of him as the most wholesome example they have ever seen in their lives.

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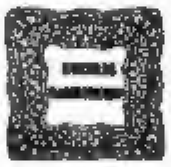
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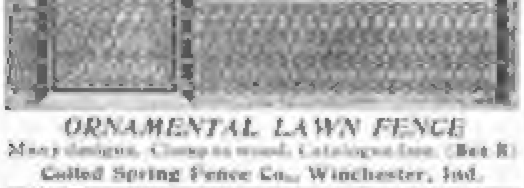

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Literary Folk

Their Ways & Their Work

A Grim Tale from Russia

If the manners and morals of a country are truly reflected in its fiction then the manners and morals of Russia can bear amendment. If Máxim Gorky's novel, Fomá Gordyéeff (*Charles Scribner's Sons*), be an accurate picture of life on the Volga, then that broad stream sees more depravity — coarse, violent, hideous depravity — than any other river on the earth. There is always, to be sure, the hope that the author takes a distorted view of his country and his country-people. Years of bitter vagabondage have, it may be, shown to Gorky but one aspect of existence, and that aspect — repellent, dreadful, vicious — he presents powerfully to our reluctant consideration.

His hero, Fomá, is the motherless son of a rich merchant, a rough, irascible man who has carved out his own fortunes with a steady hand. The child's early surroundings are dull and vulgar, but he is ever the object of deep paternal affection and solicitude. He inherits his father's shrewdness and the beauty and vigor of his Kazak mother. As a boy he is gentle, affectionate and generous; but there is in his soul a spirit of fatal unrest, of moral debility, which makes him a creature of wax, where his rude ancestors were men of stone. At twenty he is corrupted by a handsome peasant woman, a poor passionate creature for whom life means nothing but sin and the possibilities of sin. She sets his young feet in the path of vice, from which they never stray. Defiled in the springtime of his youth, he plunges into the mire of debauchery, sinking deeper and deeper day by day, until mind and body yield beneath the strain, and we leave him a half-witted wreck of humanity, a piece of rotten driftwood, floating unheeded to the shores of death.

This is not an agreeable picture to contemplate, nor can it be said that Máxim Gorky spares us any detail thereof. He leaves no more to our imagination than does Hogarth. Perhaps he is prompted — as was Hogarth — by a moral purpose, for never was the ugliness of vice more unflinchingly portrayed. "These people are not men — they're ulcers," says old Mayákin sternly, and the phrase fits. Of all the characters in this strange book, Yákoff Tarásovitch Mayákin, Fomá's godfather, is the most impressive. A hard, vigorous, merciless old man, who cherishes no illusions and no malice, who is as unswerving as his godson is malleable, and whose philosophy, clear and clean-cut like the facets of a diamond, is terrible in its relentless egotism. "A man is appointed to organize life on the earth," he says scornfully to poor wavering Fomá. "A man is capital. Like a ruble, he is made up of trumpery, copper coins and kopéks — from the dust of the earth, as it is written. But when he circulates in life, and absorbs tallow and oil, sweat and tears, then mind and soul are created in him. From that time forth he begins to grow, both upward and downward, and the first thing you know he has a value — one man, two kopéks; another, a fifteen-kopék silver piece; another, a hundred rubles; and sometimes he is above all price. He is put into circulation, and must earn interest for life. Life teaches us all our value, and it will not call us out of circulation until the right time comes." This is the highest standard of morality the book affords. It is but fair to say, however, that there is one modest woman in the tale. She is discontented and insignificant; but she is virtuous, and seems strangely out of place.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

Curious Khayyam Clubs

The Persian astronomer poet, Omar Khayyam, is nowhere so much read as in America, where each Christmas season sees a veritable shower of fresh editions of the Rubaiyát, and where no household is complete without one or more copies of this book. A well-known English critic is said to have remarked that he understood that Longfellow and Omar were the leading American poets. The fact that there is no copyright on the Fitzgerald translation in America, and that, in consequence, one may buy it anywhere for a quarter, while in England one must pay much more, may have something to do with the relative popularity of the poems of Omar in the two countries.

It is nevertheless a fact that it is in England, and not in America, that literary

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men have an Omar Khayyam Club, and meet quarterly to bear public testimony, as it were, to their appreciation of the Persian poet. For some years such a club has existed in London, meeting at three dinners during the winter in London, and once during the summer, generally at the lovely village of Great Marlow on the Thames. The club has in the list of its members many well-known names, and is at present under the distinguished rule of Mr. Augustine Birrell as president and Mr. Anthony Hope as vice-president, both of whom spoke at the autumn dinner.

In the fogs of London it is not easy to have anything distinctively Persian at a feast, but the club has one or two interesting rules. Each member of the club must wear in his coat a button-hole bouquet of red roses at the dinner and each guest must be adorned with white roses.

At the last dinner the proprietor of the little florist's shop near the Frascati restaurant thought people had gone mad over red roses, and when the supply gave out made an attempt to convince several customers that they were color-blind, and that pink roses were really red ones.

Because the Fitzgerald translation of the Rubaiyât generally speaks of "ruby wine," nothing is allowed in the way of beverages at club dinners except red wines, either of France or Italy; this in the face of the protest of several Persian scholars and travelers who assert that the native wines of Persia are white.

The Discovery of McMaster

Dr. John Bach McMaster began his great work, A History of the People of the United States, while he was an instructor in civil engineering at Princeton. Prior to his going there, in 1887, he had made his living with chain and theodolite, and was creditably known for his skill in his profession. While at Princeton not even his most intimate friends knew that he was at work on the history that subsequently made him famous. His brother, with whom he boarded, noted his studious habits, but imagined that he was poring over problems in mathematics. This continued for six years, all of Doctor McMaster's spare hours being spent quietly among his books. Unannounced to his family or his friends he published his first volume in 1883. The newspapers lengthily reviewed the work, recognizing that America had produced a new historian.

One day his brother came in excitedly and said: "John, a man who has your name exactly, even to your middle name, has published a history of the United States, and the papers are making a great fuss over it. I think you ought to look him up. If he's a relative we should know him, and if he's using your name as a pseudonym he ought to be enjoined."

The historian smiled knowingly.

"You don't mean to say, John——"

"I hadn't intended saying much about it, but since you've cornered me I suppose I may as well confess it."

There was vast rejoicing that day in the house of McMaster much to the embarrassment of the historian.

A guest of Doctor McMaster recently rebuked him amiably for his excessive modesty. "I have cause to be very humble," he replied, and he related the following incident:

As president of the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia he invited Mr. Zangwill, when that distinguished novelist was in America, to address the society. During the social hour at the close of the lecture Mr. Zangwill asked Doctor McMaster what position he held in America. The historian replied that he had the honor to be a professor in the University of Pennsylvania. A member of the club ventured to add that the Professor was an author as well.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Zangwill; "and what books have you written?"

The remainder of the story, which Doctor McMaster characteristically refrained from telling, was supplied by another guest. It seems that one of the members of the Contemporary Club, piqued by the novelist's ignorance of one of the foremost men of letters in America, explained that McMaster was a household name in this country, and that his histories were studied in thousands of our schools.

"I imagined," rejoined Mr. Zangwill contritely, "that I was up-to-date on American affairs, but from what you tell me I don't believe I could successfully pass an examination for entrance into one of your night schools!"

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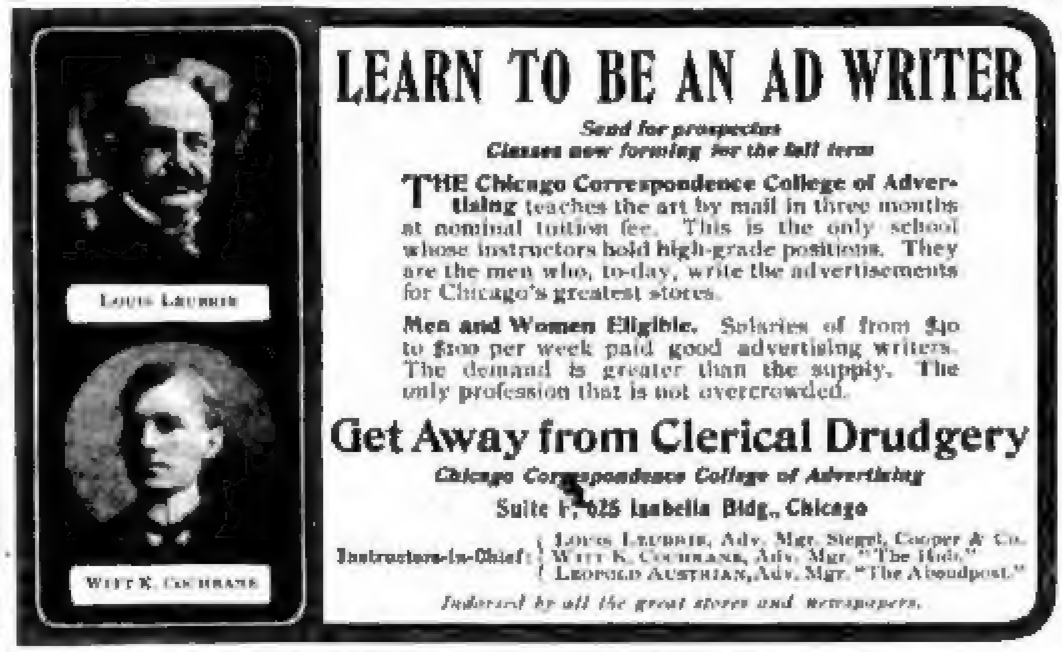
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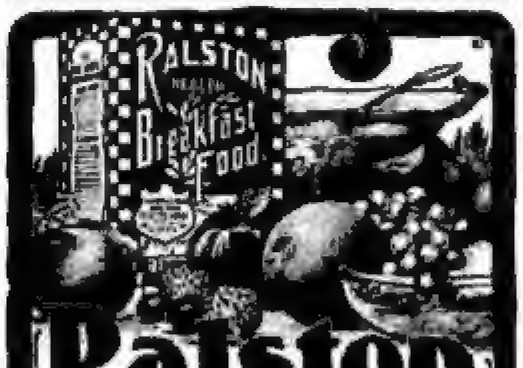
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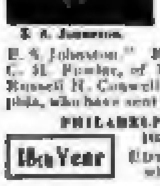

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Dr. J. B. Winston, Principal of Valley Seminary, Waynesboro, Va., writes: "I was a severe stammerer for [illegible] years. I was cured in three weeks, six years ago, by Dr. E. S. Johnston." Refers by permission to Bishops C. D. Foss and C. H. Fowler, of M. E. Church; Hon. John Wanamaker, Dr. Russell H. Conwell and ex-Gov. Robert E. Pattison, of Philadelphia, who have sent us pupils. Write at once for [illegible] page book to the

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

Grasshopper Bricks for Hens

Grasshoppers are being put to a new use out in Nebraska. The farmers have killed incredible numbers of them by the help of a machine which is, perhaps, the most effective ever devised for the purpose. It is called a "hopperdozer," and is nothing more nor less than a large flat pan, with a small amount of kerosene contained in a depression in the rear part of it. The contrivance, being attached to a horse, is pushed along in front of the animal as the latter is driven across the fields. Pretty nearly every grasshopper is encountered, jumps upon the pan, and is promptly suffocated by the kerosene.

This ingenious instrument has been in use for a number of years in parts of the West, but hitherto it has not occurred to the farmers to make any use of the dead grasshoppers. Most commonly they were burned, though some more enterprising agriculturists turned a portion of them to account as poultry-feed. They found that the hens liked them exceedingly; for it is a fact that a grasshopper is to a hen what a canvasback duck is to a human epicure—the very choicest and most esteemed of delicacies.

Hence the idea which is now being developed on a commercial scale. The grasshoppers, after being killed by the hopperdozer, are left in winrows in the fields, where they are soon dried. When they have been exposed to the sun for a sufficient time to reduce them to a properly desiccated condition they are gathered up with rakes, shoveled into carts, and conveyed to a shed, where they are put into a press somewhat resembling an ordinary cheese-press, and converted into solid bricks.

The bricks are shipped in quantities to poultry-raisers, who find this new kind of hen-provender most satisfactory, and they are anxious to get more of it. Apparently, it is a great encourager of egg-production.

It is not necessary to grind the bricks before feeding the stuff to the chickens, but merely to break them into pieces and soften with water.

Flower Farming for Perfumes

The Department of Agriculture is anxious to encourage the growing of flowers for perfume-making in this country, and attention is called to the fact that conditions in the Southern States, and particularly in Southern Califorina, are exceptionally favorable for industries of this kind. It is believed that in California the essential oil, or attar, of roses might be produced on an extensive scale to great advantage.

An acre of land will give 1500 pounds of rose-petals, from which five ounces of the attar may be distilled, and this quantity has a market value of from \$45 to \$85. The rose-water, a by-product, amounts to 300 gallons the acre, worth from 75 cents to \$1 a gallon.

Lavender gives a net profit of \$100 an acre. Pure lard saturated with the scent of flowers (pomade) is worth from \$6 to \$7.50 a pound. Cologne of the finest quality (obtained by soaking the saturated lard in alcohol) brings as much as \$17 a pint.

Strained Air for Breathing

The newest idea for mitigating hay fever—a disease which seems to claim more victims every year in proportion to the population—is embodied in a small disk covered with wire gauze, which is inserted in the nostril. Of course, one must have a pair of them, and the gauze has to be exceedingly fine, so as to exclude dust and more particularly the pollen of plants, which is believed to be the chief cause of the complaint.

A patent for this contrivance was recently granted. There are a number of other kinds of pollen-excluders, all of which have the same idea in view, but most of them contain raw cotton, which is intended to be saturated with some volatile medicinal oil, soothing to the inflamed membranes, such as eucalyptol. As the oil evaporates its fumes are inhaled.

Reports have been published recently to the effect that many cures of hay fever have been accomplished by hypodermic injections of a fluid extract of ragweed—a plant whose pollen is particularly bad for hay-fever sufferers. By this means, if the statements made are true, large numbers of patients have been rendered immune, the doses having been administered a few weeks before the annual attack was due.

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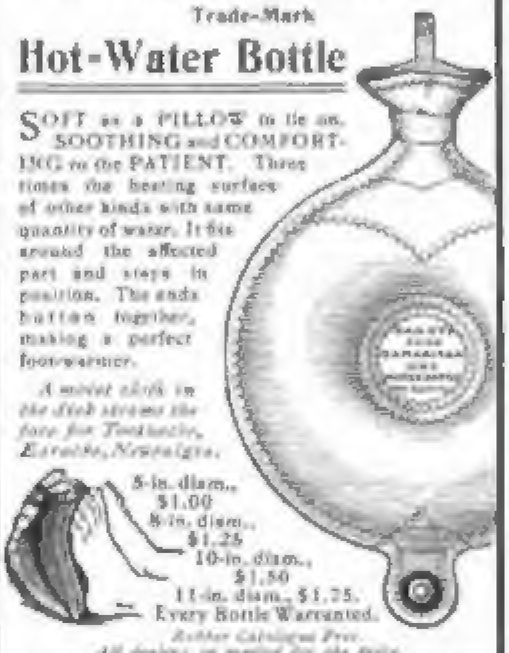

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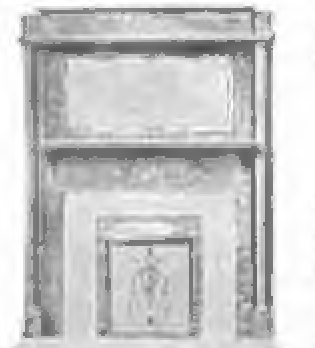

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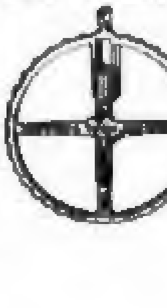

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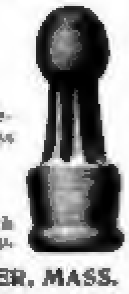

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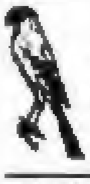

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